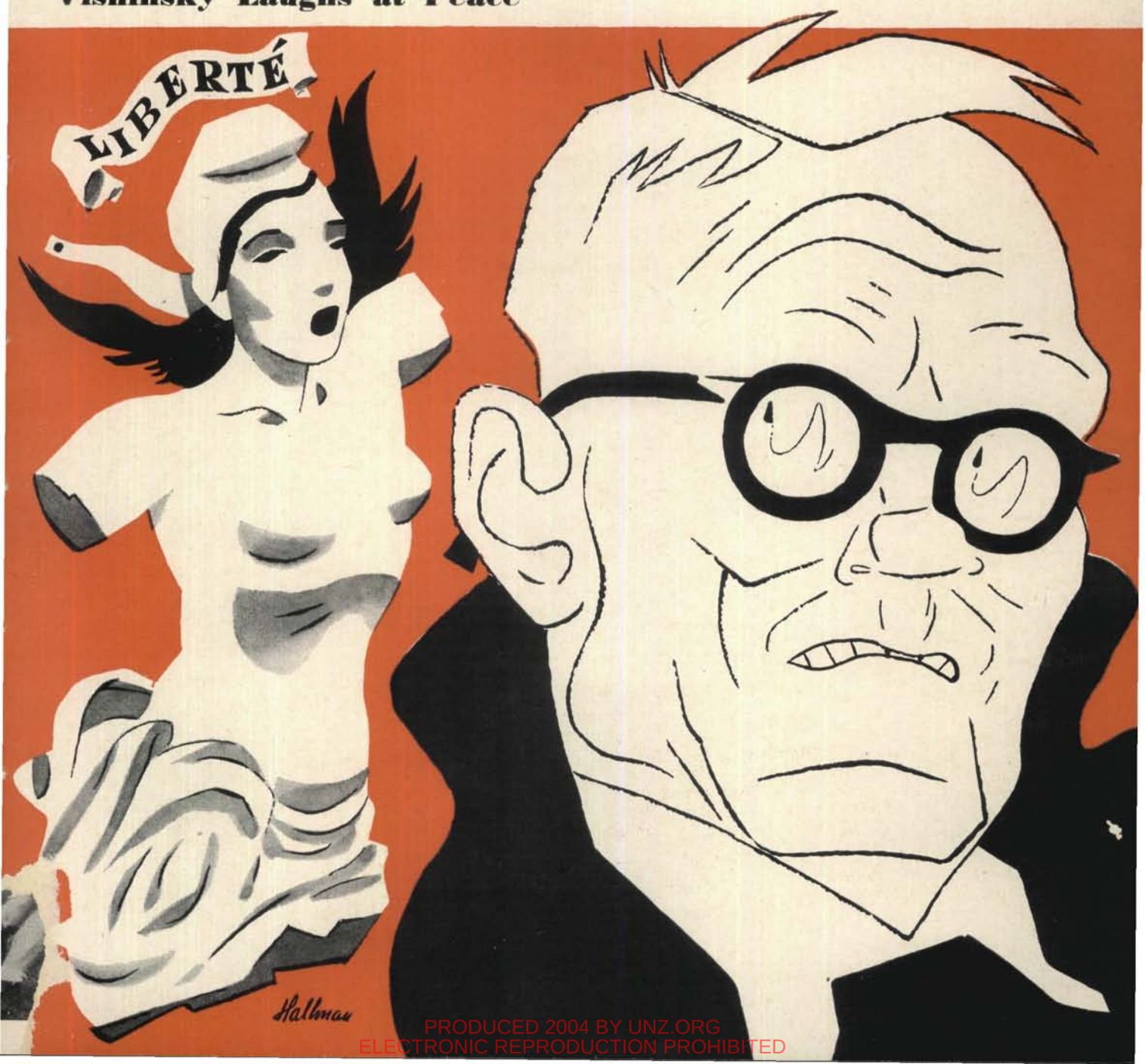
Europe's Other Great Fear

The Reporter

December 11, 1951 25c

Vishinsky Laughs at Peace



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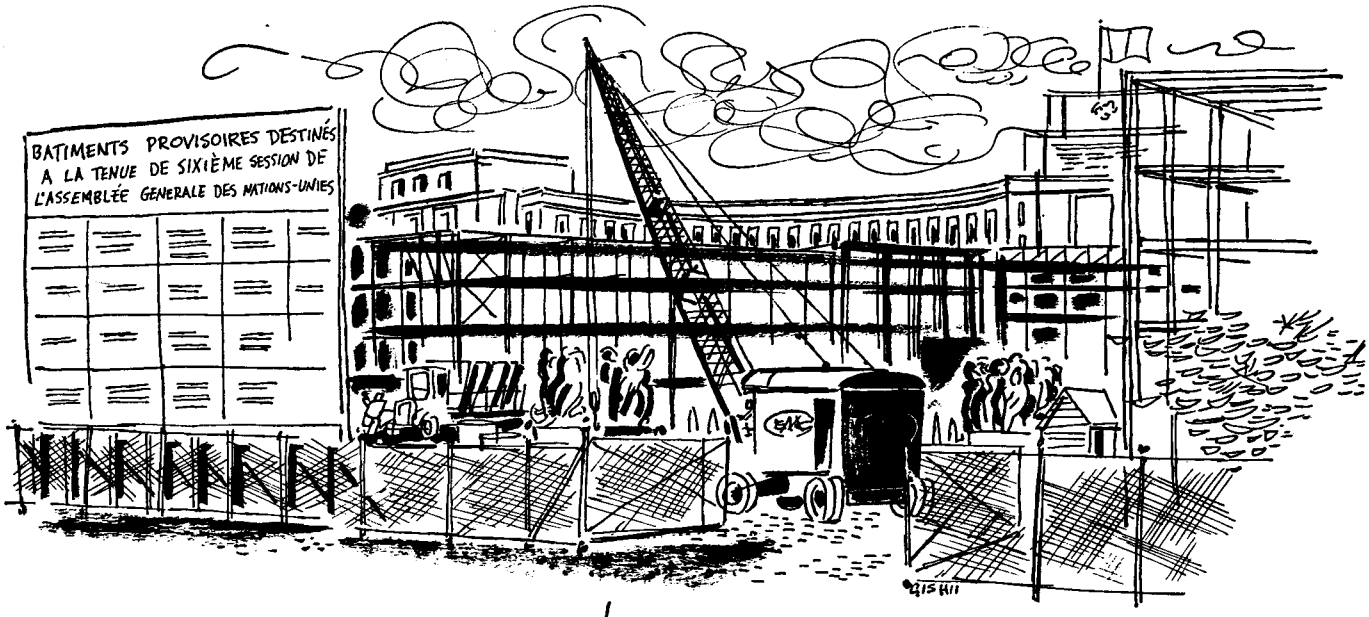

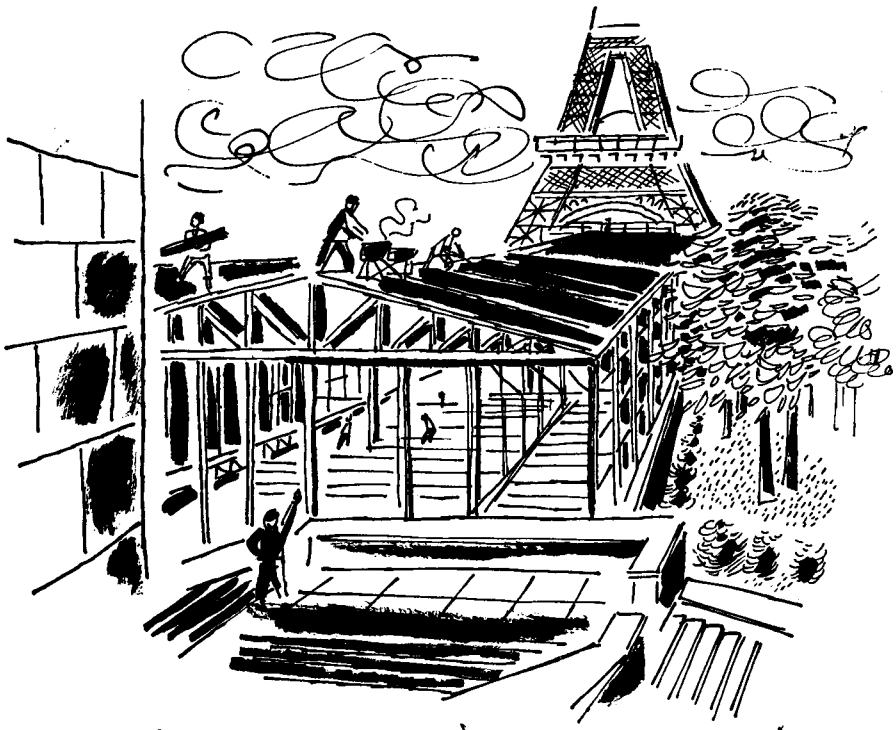

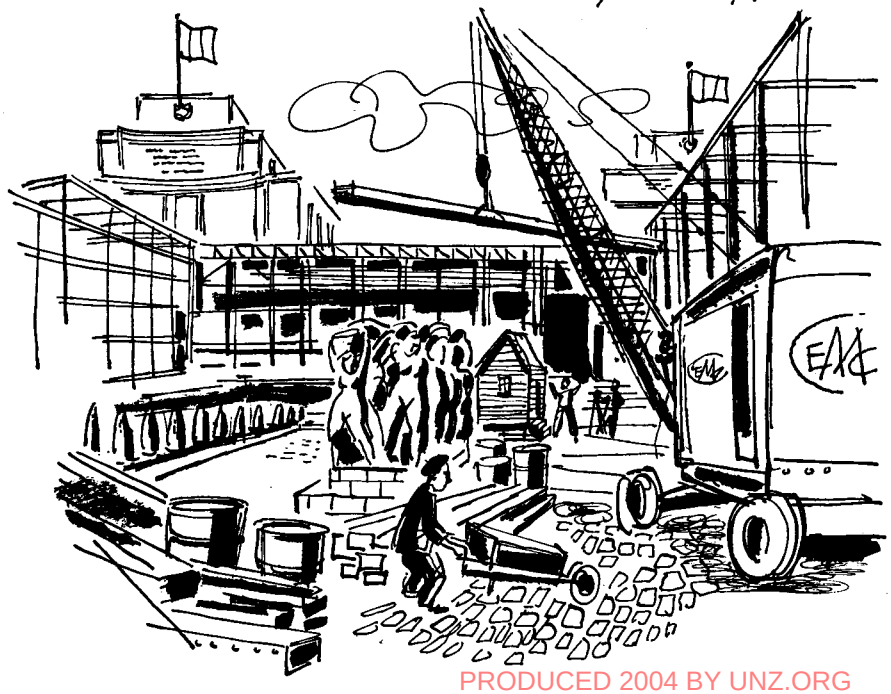

Preparations for the sixth session of the United Nations General Assembly in Paris

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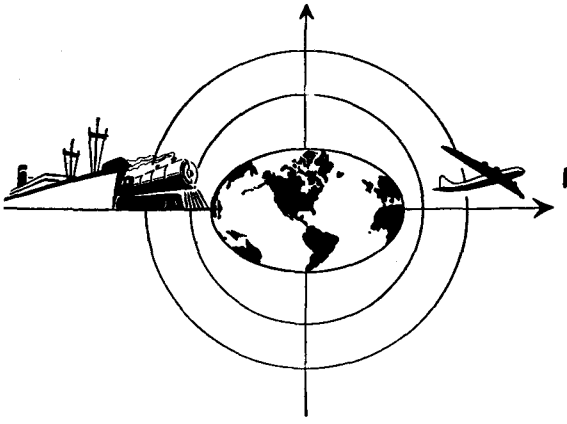

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

JUST PROPAGANDA . . .

When the Three-Power plan for the reduction of armaments was announced—first by the President, then by Secretary Acheson in Paris—the reaction of our most responsible political commentators was far from enthusiastic. It's the same old stuff, it was said. We make a proposal to the Russians only to give them a chance to turn it down.

In fairness, the Three-Power proposal deserved a much more considered treatment. It was not just a quickly concocted gimmick, designed to put the Russians in the wrong—as if there were need of that. It had been thoroughly and earnestly prepared during months of hard work by our State and Defense Departments. It was supposed to be meaty evidence of U.S. and Allied eagerness for peace—something that the delegates could get their teeth into, and not just a piece of chewing gum to keep their jaws busy between the usual rounds of declamation and invective.

But people at home and abroad have become so propaganda-wise that even before a statesman opens his mouth, what he is going to say has been discounted. "It's just another piece of propaganda," everyone agrees. "Somebody else may swallow it, but not I." Propaganda, this new art that keeps so many men and women happily and profitably employed, is increasingly being dismissed as a sort of soap-box diplomacy that could be dispensed with on both sides, and nothing lost but the jobs of the propaganda experts.

THE worldwide allergy to propaganda can be seen nowhere better than at the General Assembly in Paris. When Anthony Eden delivered his speech he won universal acclaim not so much for what he said as for the moderate unhysterical tone of his voice—the voice of a man who doesn't want to stoop to name calling. The public opinion of mankind has made itself felt in Paris: Enough of the exchange of insults, which at the opening of a U.N. Assembly has become as much a ritual as the exchange of credentials. Enough name-calling. Let's get down to this terribly serious business; the world wants peace, not just propaganda in the name of peace.

Fortunately, we are the ones who have the most to gain by reverting to the old courtesies. When our leaders say plainly what is in their minds and in their hearts they are much more persuasive than when they shriek. Moreover, we have a genuine plan for the reduction of armaments now—a plan that needs to be discussed and analyzed and criticized, as this magazine is going to do, but that nevertheless ought to be taken in all earnestness as a real attempt at disarmament.

Our case is too good to be spoiled by adopting the enemy's tactics of vituperation. This seems to have become a habit lately, but let's hope it is a passing one for no wise man should ever engage in even a passing contest with a scoundrel.

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

There must have been a leak somewhere, and a story that had already gone stale in the office of *The Reporter* has got into the papers. It's about Major General Harry Vaughan, the military aide to the President. Several months ago, we received a rather anguished letter from the General's wife. The General's name, Mrs. Vaughan wrote, had got onto our subscription list; it must have been through the "fraudulent" initiative of an "anonymous person." This was, she said, one of a series of fraudulent subscriptions to magazines in the General's name. Of course the Vaughans had to be cancelled from our mailing list. Mrs. Vaughan added somewhat confusingly: "We should like to request that you turn over your records of this subscription order—in particular any which may carry a postmark or any handwritten notation made by the person sending this subscription order to the Secret Service officers of the White House who will get in touch with you in regard to this."

A few days later a Secret Service man came to our office to make sure that the General's name was no longer on our subscribers' list.

Perhaps the intervention of the agent was somewhat unnecessary, but, considering the high position the General holds, the secret agents are his office boys and we don't see why he should not take advantage of their valuable time. For the rest, we must admit that we feel rather sympathetic to the General.

We can say, in all modesty toward ourselves and our readers, that *The Reporter* is a magazine for intelligent people. We can imagine the General fumbling through one of our issues. What, a magazine of facts and ideas! "Holy Mackerel!" he must have said, "Ideas!" And then he called for his wife and the Secret Service.

Once Harold Ross was supposed to have defined *The New Yorker* as a magazine "not for the old lady from Dubuque." Now, thanks to the President's aide, we have a definition for *The Reporter:* Not for Major General Harry H. Vaughan.

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CORRESPONDENCE

LONG TRILLING

To the Editor: "Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, and the Riddle of Society," by Lionel Trilling in your November 13 issue, contains a remarkably long sentence. It is the second under the subhead "World So Small" on page 40.

The author is right; one must "pick his way." The whole article is confusing.

L. K. COOK
Basil, Ohio

[*The sentence in question is as follows:* "World So Wide *is about Americans in Florence, and the juxtaposition of characters and settings brings Mark Twain and Henry James to mind, but the emphasis on the comedy of manners makes us wonder whether, in his effort to get again into touch with the mystery of social life, Lewis had not consciously put himself to school to Jane Austen herself, so intent does he seem to represent the pride and prejudice, the sense and sensibility, the foolish fictions and the gross vulgarities through which a man, in the conception of the true social novelist, must pick his way to find a measure of rational happiness.*"—THE EDITORS.]

UNBLIGHTED BLIGHTY

To the Editor: May I heartily second Miles M. Payne's letter in the November 27 issue on the subject of "Red Dean" Hewlett Johnson, and add a final word on the subject? To my mind both Baldwin and Payne missed the definitive pronouncement on why Johnson is allowed to go on dabbling in what many consider a form of heresy. A British church publication, after declaring it unthinkable that Johnson should be muzzled, concluded its statement with a resounding remark that I recall about as follows: "May these islands never be blighted by anything so un-British as a Committee on un-British Activities!"

GEORGE ABEL
Brooklyn

HOIST BY THEIR OWN . . .

To the Editor: I thoroughly enjoyed Theodore H. White's article, "The Downfall of a Communist," in the November 13 issue of *The Reporter* about the Red kidnaping of Kurt Mueller, an official of the West German Communist Party. What I cannot see is how White managed to summon up any sympathy, which he seems a bit to imply, for Mueller himself and for Mueller's *Lebenskameradin,* Heta Fischer, who was to have become his wife.

After all, both of these people were active proponents of a thing that would eventually terrorize and enslave their neighbors, or kill many of them outright. When a Communist falls victim to the unspeakable cruelty of the system he and his fellows are attempting, through lies and threats, to foist on the rest of the world, my only reaction is "Hurrah!"

For what does the Bible prophesy? ". . . all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

OSGOOD CLERVAUX
New Orleans

THE VANISHED SECRET AGENT

To the Editor: Alvin Rosenfeld, in his fine description of the absolute rottenness of the Egyptian Government ("Egypt's Desperate Gamble," *The Reporter,* November 13), has omitted to make a point I think ought to have been made.

For years we have read British-agent thrillers about the adroit undercover man who, through cleverness and courage, saves the Empire's bacon somewhere out on the fringes of civilization. We have seen innumerable British movies about British agents in trains or on steamers or in airplanes or in motorcars either chasing or being chased by agents of a sinister foreign power, the name of which is never actually mentioned but which is patently Germany (pre-war and war films) or Russia (postwar films).

My point is, where in hell are all these guys? Did they get knocked off in the war?

More seriously, when people from now on refer to the adroitness of British foreign policy as contrasted with the bungling efforts of our State Department, I shall always think of the period from 1946 through 1951 in the Middle East, when British diplomacy succeeded in alienating violently three widely diverse and even—in one case—warring nations: Shiite Moslem Iran, Sunnite Moslem Egypt, and Israel.

SAMUEL ECHTER
St. Louis

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER . . .

To the Editor: It seems to me that you should maintain your excellent batting average in appraising the fact and fiction of the MacArthur legend by considering the general's recent remarks in Seattle on the subject of newspapermen. "No group or segment of men I have ever known," he said, "have greater admiration of mine than the war correspondents. To men on the battlefield, news is just as important as bullets, perhaps more important. The war correspondents fill an enormous niche in wartime, as their counterparts do in peace." This has the authentic MacArthurian ring to it, but I wonder whether it was borne out by the general's courtesy and co-operation to those of the fourth estate in the Pacific during and after the war. I've heard otherwise; indeed, I recall that the widely respected Compton B. Pakenham of *Newsweek* was highhandedly and illegally barred from Japan *in time of peace* by the great correspondent-lover and his SCAP. If you simply substitute the words "public-information officers" both times you see the words "war correspondents" in the quotation, you get perhaps a more accurate expression of the general's real feelings.

WALDO HEIMERT
Boston

A WELCOME TRIBUTE

To the Editor: I cannot refrain from congratulating you on the last issue of *The Reporter* (November 13). It seems to me that you have almost achieved perfection both as to format and broad general content. I only hope that the public will come to appreciate more fully your efforts in these regards.

BROOKS EMENY
President, Foreign Policy Association
New York City

CRISES, UNLTD.

To the Editor: Whenever your correspondent Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber writes from France it is always to suggest the imminence of crisis. Some one of the allies is always making the gravest of mistakes, or it is some French statesman of prewar vintage whose reappearance on the scene is viewed with shrill alarm. In the November 27 issue, for instance, it is Daladier who once more is rebuked for having come back from Munich with some feeling of satisfaction. When it is not an American, a Frenchman, an Englishman, it is a Russian who is making the gravest of mistakes. Or it is an abstraction—nationalism or pacifism—that is guilty, or an emotion—fear or hope.

One may wonder if this repetitive anxiety, this piano player accompanying his endless series of moving-picture melodramas in the darkened house of Europe, may not succeed finally in persuading the American reader that the nerves of Europe, after all, are steadier than those of the commentator. May I suggest a change of pace? Might not Servan Schreiber report to us, for once, on something unchanging, like the fields of France, with something simple in them, like cows, and something enduring, like the peasant, escorting them back to the barn, while something calm, like twilight, falls on the scene? If he does this, it may be possible for us not to forget entirely what has to be saved.

I. G. ENGSTROM
New York City

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

Regularly as clockwork, every time the Big Four foreign ministers or the General Assembly meets, the West hypnotizes itself with fear of Communist cleverness and trickery. It happened on schedule just before the current Paris meeting. In its lead article, *The Reporter* tries to dispel the legend of Soviet infallibility. The two articles which follow present a somewhat gloomy view of the German problem—a view *The Reporter* does not quite share, witness its editorial. **D. B. W.** is a European of high position who for years has had the opportunity to observe Communism at close range. . . . **Hans Simons,** President of the New School for Social Research, spent last summer in Germany on a special assignment for the State Department. . . . **Theodore H. White,** a frequent contributor in the past, is now a regular European correspondent for *The Reporter*. . . . **Theodore Draper** has recently returned from the Caribbean, his second trip to Latin America for *The Reporter*. . . . **Helen Hill Miller** has written for the London *Economist*. . . . **Christopher Gerould** is a free-lance writer. . . . **Jean Lyon,** former New York *Times* correspondent in China, is now in India. . . . **McGeorge Bundy,** co-author with Henry L. Stimson of *On Active Service in War and Peace,* is editing a collection of the political writings of Dean Acheson. . . . Cover by **Hallman;** inside cover by **Ishii.**

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MAX ASCOLI

Europe's Other Great Fear

He may laugh or rant, his hand may tenderly hold a dove or pound hard on the General Assembly lectern, but no matter what his antics, Vishinsky cannot for a moment forget the decisive political battleground between East and West—Germany. For the Russians have experienced twice in half a century the methodical ferocity of German might.

Their sentiment is shared by all the other neighbors of Germany, except Switzerland. It is more than fear, and it is more enduring than hatred. All the people who have seen the German conquerors strolling in their own streets have indelible memories of German human beings—some good, some bad, just like all other folk—and of the loathsome cruelty that these same human beings have been capable of, under orders. Horror, perhaps, is the word that best describes the feeling of Germany's neighbors toward Germany—an impersonal, ineradicable horror.

But western Europe cannot live without Germany, any more than it can live with an unchecked and uncheckable sovereign Germany. A new nationalist Wehrmacht would represent a threat to the peace of the world and to the German people themselves equal only to that of the Red Army. Perhaps there are millions of Germans who, stricken by the same horror they have inspired, fear the temptation of a third try.

Some political writers in our country advocate the neutralization of Germany under Russian and U.S. guarantee. It could become, they say, a bigger and better Switzerland. Vishinsky must purr contentedly at the prospect of a political pastoralization of Germany.

In Germany, the major difficulties that beset the nations of the West can be seen in their most acute form, blazing hot. In all European nations, too heavy a burden of armament undertaken for national or nationalistic purposes can wreck the internal economy and disrupt peace. And certainly Germany is not the only nation whose political life is somewhat unreal and unrepresentative, or whose sinister political forces of the extreme Right again dare show themselves in the light of day. Nor is Germany the only country where a strong socialist movement has developed marked nationalistic inclinations—a remarkable trend, this one, proving that the guardianship of international solidarity has reverted to liberalism, where it belongs.

Finally Germany, this tragic nation, is not only politically but geographically torn asunder—between a democracy and a "people's democracy."

Just because in Germany all the major difficulties of Europe are blazing hot, it is there that they can be hammered out. The drive must as always come from our country, although the major initiatives have originated in Europe. It has been France which has fathered the ideas of the Schuman Plan and of the European army, and that is the direction in which we must urge the Europeans to move, and move fast. The first impetus came with the Marshall Plan, which was to be a step toward the unification of Europe. The aim of American policy in the old continent is: Europe for the Europeans. What we want is to have the British Commonwealth and Europe, our allies and fellow members of the United Nations, become in all reality our equal partners.

The unity of Europe, which has to start with the European army, is a necessity dictated by the internal conditions of most of the European countries and by the Communist danger. But if we consider Germany, and the danger it is running, this unity bears no delay. After the First World War, when it became obvious that Germany could not forever remain defeated and disarmed, the attempt was made to pare down the armaments of the European nations, Germany included. Now we have learned better: We advocate the paring down of sovereignties so that the European nations may have a new chance to live, and we arm Europe—a giant step toward uniting Europe.

Fortunately, our enemies, starting with the hilarious or wrathful Vishinsky, cannot understand what we are doing. They just can't trust their ears when they hear that our nation has as its supreme goal in foreign policy Europe for the Europeans and soon, let's hope, Asia for the Asians, with the United Nations as the highest but by no means supreme power. The vision of our enemies is so narrowed by their own dogmatism, as our leading article shows, that we are free to move according to our own ideals and interests in a very large zone which falls outside the Communist blinkers.

The place to act is Europe, and more particularly Germany. Will the Germans realize that their soldiers can defend their country only within the ranks of a European army? Will they understand that a new Wehrmacht that could never be an instrument for peace would bring about the final, irreparable ruin of Germany? The people of that country must be made to realize that a free Germany can grow only as part of united Europe—and then Europe's other great fear will vanish. We believe there is no such thing as an incurably wayward people.

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The Russians Aren't So Clever

The record shows that Stalin's and Molotov's foreign policy has often been thrown off the track by their own dialectics

D. B. W.

On one occasion after another—a U.N. meeting, a Big Four Foreign Ministers' conference, the signing of a peace treaty—the world awaits a new, devilish trick of Soviet diplomacy. But then when Molotov or Gromyko or Vishinsky gets up and speaks, it is always the same record, only played louder. Yet the idea that Russian diplomacy is diabolically clever dies hard. What foundation is there for it? The Russians have undoubtedly had some successes since the war ended, but they have had strong cards in their hand. Hitler, too, was strikingly successful up until 1939, and his triumphs only paved the way to ruin. A nation's diplomatic action cannot be judged until a certain cycle of events is completed. And it must be measured by the ends it is striving to attain.

In speaking of the Russian leaders or the leaders of the eastern satellites, we must never forget the obvious: They are Communists. Communism is not, as the fellow travelers would have it, a humanitarian social philosophy. Rather, it is a particular method of interpreting history whose rigorously dialectical application is supposed to furnish a key to present and future events—in other words, a sort of "scientific" astrology. The true Stalinist is not concerned with raising the economic status of the masses; his real interest is reaching a greater knowledge and a more triumphant verification of dialectical materialism.

Russia's Maginot Line

At the end of the war of 1914-1918, according to the Communists, the capitalist world was on the verge of dissolution, and its ruling class attempted to stave off class war and revolution by imperialistic expansion. These nations, or rather their chief business centers—New York, London, Berlin, Tokyo, and the rest—had two choices: either a coalition against the new Socialist state or a war among themselves. The purpose of Soviet diplomacy at that time was to block the formation of a coalition and to foment an intercapitalist war which would not only take the heat off Russia but also promote the opportunities for revolution in every nation involved. The diplomatic action of Chicherin and Litvinoff, which included playing off Germany and Italy against the other powers, was to a large degree successful. Its last, and logical, phase was the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact of August, 1939.

Here, however, came the Soviet Union's first error of judgment. Up to then its Foreign Ministers had had some western background; Stalin and Molotov had none. Stalin must have reasoned this way: If I reach an agreement with the nations of western Europe, Hitler will not go to war, and eventually the British, French, and Germans will gang up on Russia. If, on the other hand, I sign with Hitler, he will be free to attack the others, and the crusade will be indefinitely postponed. The reasoning was based on one mistaken assumption: Stalin, too, put his trust in the Maginot Line and thought that a long war of attrition would result, to the glory and benefit of Russia.

Joachim von Ribbentrop

As it worked out, events took quite a different course. Later on, Russia was saved from disaster precisely because the western powers did not, as he had imagined they would, conform to the dictates of dialectical materialism—that is, they did not make peace with Hitler and march against Communism. The interesting thing is that this crucial breakdown of their dialectical reasoning utterly failed to shake the Russian leaders' faith in its infallibility. The considerable effort they have wasted in trying to fit a mischievous event into their pet scheme does not speak very well for their intelligence.

And how do they look upon the present situation? The capitalist world, they think, is prey to the same imperialist impulses and temptations as before and is closer than ever to dissolution; but there is now only one center of money and power, the United States, whose position of command none of the other western nations can dispute. Hence there is no motive for inciting one capitalist nation against another, and the logical thing is for the Communists to try to win their governments over one by one. From a dialectical point of view, of course, Bevan and Franco are on exactly the same plane.

According to their horoscopes, the

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Georgi Vasilyevich Chicherin

Russians—that is, the Stalin-Molotov team—are *sure* that, for almost physiological reasons, the United States must make war. To ask them to believe anything else is like asking the Pope to stop believing in God. Stalin may have had a certain amount of faith in Roosevelt's word because he thought the latter ignorant of Marxist doctrine and the necessity of class conflict which it entails. But he also foresaw that either Roosevelt would discover the facts of life, Marxist version, or else the "ruling class" would put in a President who already knew them.

On the strength of the preceding premises we can read a double purpose into the Soviet policy of today: first, to Communize as many nations as possible, and second, to delay the outbreak of war until the Russian industrial output is no longer dangerously below that of the enemy. Then war need no longer be avoided, but indeed may actually be provoked in order to attain the final goal of world-wide Communism. Stalin is deeply aware of the gap in both quantity and quality between Soviet and American production and of the fact that many years must go by before it can be bridged. Hence the double goal achieved by extending the area of Communist influence as far as possible without full-scale war. It is by this aim that we must examine the success of his postwar policy.

Von Seydlitz's Manifesto

There have, indeed, been moments in which it seemed that Soviet diplomacy was extremely clever—for instance in 1943, when Moscow published a Free German manifesto signed by General von Seydlitz. This manifesto declared that once the German people had got rid of Hitler the Free German Committee in Russia would order German troops to withdraw to the boundaries of 1938; that the future of Austria would be solved by a plebiscite, that Germany would pay all it could by way of reparations to the countries it had invaded, and that it would take part in a new international organization and agree to disarmament proposals as long as it was given a status equal to that of the other nations. If the proposals contained in this manifesto were rejected by the Allies, then the Germans were to fight to the end.

When this manifesto was launched, it was reasonable to assume that Soviet Russia must be backing it up. It was utterly different from the Anglo-American proclamation of "unconditional surrender," and so clever that if the Russians had backed it up they might have opened all western Europe to their penetration, with the new Germany as their ally. But it soon became clear that the manifesto was only a maneuver designed to scare the Anglo-American group with the threat of a separate peace and hence reap concessions at the Teheran Conference. At the same time, if not before, the Russians had made an agreement with what was later to be the Provisional Polish Government of Lublin to cede to Poland all of Germany east of the Oder. If they had backed the von Seydlitz manifesto, post-Hitler Germany—the whole of it—would have been theirs. But they could not see the conjunction of stars that indicated how the entire industrial potential of Germany could fall into their hands.

Someone may suggest that the domination of Europe was not Russia's primary aim and that it has scored a far more sensational success in China. But Soviet action in Asia is only a feint. When Trotsky maintained that a Chinese venture would only be a waste of time and money, since Europe was the goal, Stalin rebutted his argument. The upper and middle classes of Europe, he said, have a structure different from that of the equivalent classes in Czarist Russia, and the European "proletariat" is not oppressed in the same measure. All this because the European nations have exploited their colonial possessions to such an extent that the standard of living of even the lower class has been raised in consequence. If we take away the colonies, Stalin said, then we shall create a real "proletariat" and a fertile ground for revolution.

The Lost Opportunity

The same motive holds good today. The economic and military effort made by the West in order to hold ground in Asia may not be conducive to unemployment and unrest among the lower class, but the Soviet principle remains the same: to create disorder in the East only to strike indirectly at Europe and, as a final move, at America. Like all dialectical reasoning, this has some sound points, and it may even represent the best possible policy for Russia to follow today. But it remains a matter of historical knowledge that immediately after the war Russia had a chance to extend its influence over the whole of Europe, without any Asian detour, and that in blind obedience to dialectics it muffed this chance.

Let us look back at the situation as it was in 1944-1945. The United States was still enthusiastic about the Russians, and Stalin was Uncle Joe, who was not really considered a Communist but a Russian patriot. Churchill may have held the same opinion he holds today, but public opinion in Britain was no less enthusiastic than in America. In France and Italy the undergrounds

Maurice Thorez

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had created the myth of the "good Communist," and those who did not believe in his existence hardly dared express their opinion.

In both these countries there were Communists in the government, and their efficient party organization plus the alternate hopes and fears of the other parties enabled them to take possession of the key Ministries. Their adversaries chose to lull themselves with the illusion that since the Communists had a stake in the government there would always be a way of dealing with them. Even the United States, where there was little sympathy for Communist doctrine, thought that some of the European nations were in need of sweeping social and economic reforms and looked tolerantly upon predominantly Communist régimes as long as they showed a certain respect for traditional free institutions.

The nations of western Europe, from Britain to Czechoslovakia, conscious of their weakened position in respect to the two largest of the victorious powers, thought that they might enjoy the privilege of serving as a bridge between them. This was a new way of describing an age-old policy of small nations, the policy of playing one great power off against another. In the field of domestic politics this attitude of compromise seemed to make possible the avoidance of labor disturbances and revolutionary movements which no government was able to face boldly.

Under these circumstances the Russians had only to use their minds—assuming that they can ever be uncluttered—and they would have taken possession of France and Italy before the French and Italians knew it. Leaders like Thorez and Togliatti, who knew the situation in their own countries so well, must often have cursed the Russian leaders for failing to heed their advice.

Communism could have conquered these two countries in the western orbit simply by being a little more patient and hypocritical in dealing with the countries in its own orbit. Having taken over such key Ministries as those of War, Justice, and the Interior in the satellite governments, the Communists could have afforded to leave coalition governments standing, and even some sort of an Opposition, devoid of any real power but enough to soothe American suspicions. Later on, they could have gently turned the screw in the western European countries.

Maxim Litvinoff

The American public is probably not aware of the fact that the Communists were put out of the French and Italian governments just in the nick of time. For many reasons the French and Italian peoples were inclined to swing toward the Left in the postwar period. A keen awareness—which unfortunately has been dulled with the passage of time—of the need for sweeping social reforms, a disgust with everything that had gone before, and a fatalistic feeling that this was the wave of the future all combined to shape a trend toward what was cynically called "progressive democracy." From the Communist point of view this was an ideal setup, but the Russians proceeded to bungle it.

The Diplomatic Bludgeon

In their foreign policy the Russians made the same error. France, Italy, and to some extent Britain asked nothing better than to keep on good terms with both great powers, to maintain a position of neutrality tempered by a little innocent jockeying between them. Yesterday as today, this hope was an illusion, but to give it up entailed consequences in both the foreign and the domestic fields that none of the western European governments felt they could afford, and so they hung onto it as long as it was humanly possible, until the Russians practically bludgeoned them into opening their eyes.

And yet there was no substantial reason for disagreement. France, for instance, had but one ambition in the postwar years; that was to be numbered again among the major powers. And what injury could have been done to Russia if France had sat in on the councils of the great? France was more than willing to come up with compromises, to give the Russians all they asked for with some face-saving formula to convince its own people that something had been received in return.

Let us examine, for a final example of Russian ineptitude, the Palais Rose conference last spring, which met under circumstances extremely favorable to the sowing of confusion in the western camp. The failure of the Allied drive to the Yalu River in Korea and the possibility that MacArthur might do something rash had already created an atmosphere of panic in Europe. Some went so far as to forget that the war in Korea had been started by Communist aggression and spoke of the "American peril." German rearmament had increased the usual instability of politics in France, where for some reason the bugbears of the past continue to share the outlook of today. The Russians might very well have proposed then, as many people expected, the evacuation of Germany on the part of all the occupying powers, a free election for a unified German government, and a declaration of German neutrality.

Of course any such proposals would have been a trick. Although free elections would have led to an anti-Communist Government, the presence of Soviet troops on the eastern border of a neutralized and defenseless Germany would have caused internal disintegration. With the Allied armies conveniently gone, the Russians could have marched peacefully through to the Rhine and western Europe would have been at their feet. No west European could have even mentioned the subject of rearmament.

Chancellor Adenauer and many other German leaders were terrified lest the Russians make just such proposals. The French government could not have turned down any compromise which would stave off the specter of German rearmament, the West Germans could hardly have opposed unification, and the Americans would have been seriously embarrassed and

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in danger of serious repercussions within their own country. Chicherin and Litvinov would certainly have tried to pull off a trick of that kind. But Stalin and Molotov are not that bright.

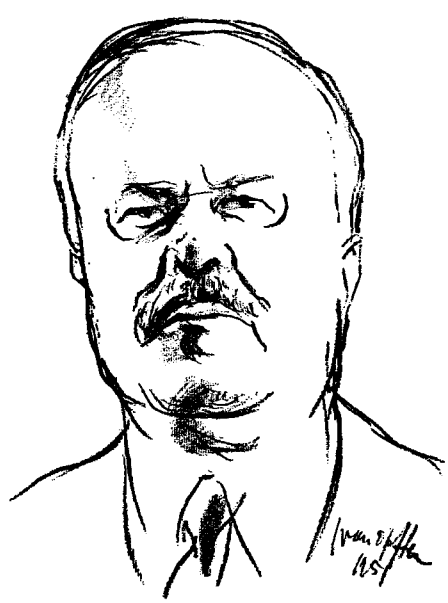
Let us look at the way the Russians have acted toward the United States. People still say that the downfall of the West began at Yalta, but Yalta was not really so important. The two lost chances were Teheran, earlier, and Potsdam, later. At Teheran the British and Americans failed to exploit the power of Lend-Lease and the Russian fear of their making a separate peace. Roosevelt and Churchill could have got anything they wanted if they had simply hinted at the necessity of making peace with Germany on moderate terms. By the time of Potsdam the Russians' war against Germany was over —a war they had fought in a closed compartment, without any notion of their Allies' power. They were satisfied with their conquest and thought they had the strongest army in the world. It was only when they came into direct contact with the Allied troops along the Elbe in April, 1945, that they became aware of the role of American industrial production. This —plus the atomic bomb—filled them with a very healthy terror. The continued presence of a hundred American divisions in Europe would have enabled the Allies to talk turkey. Indeed, this was the Russians' nightmare, and until they saw how fast the Americans had begun to disarm, they could not breathe freely.

Tripping the Burglar Alarm

Once the United States was disarmed, surely it was to the Russian interest that it should remain so. Many Americans believed that their industrial potential plus the atomic bomb were sufficient to hold the Russians in check and that in the fluid zones of Central Europe and Asia the dollar could dissuade the masses from embracing Communism. The Russians had only to bolster these illusions. The American theory was that only inefficient government and poverty could open the way to Communism, and that to set up a democratic régime and better the living conditions of the masses with doses of greenbacks would make any given zone safe for democracy. Korea affords us a miniature example of the conflict of Russian and American ideas. In South Korea the Americans tried to install the best government they could and bring about some prosperity, while in the North the Communists concentrated upon party organization and the creation of a North Korean Army.

Here again was Russia's fatal error. The American hope was a mistaken one, but it was not to the Russians' advantage to show it up. In the well-protected seclusion of their immense country, the Russians could have prepared the evolution from cold war to an undeclared one without wakening the Americans to the necessity of overhauling their plans. Military action on the part of the satellite nations and the fomenting of civil war were just as possible in Europe as they were in Korea. But the Russians made the error of showing the Americans their weakness, arousing American public opinion and hence leading the whole western world to rearm—all this for a stake that was not intrinsically worth it.

The United States had fallen into the same attitude toward Stalin that Britain and the other western nations had held toward Hitler in his time—which is to believe that *potential* strength can serve as a deterrent to the use of an opponent's power-in-being. And Stalin, too, was misguided along the Hitler pattern. He thought that the democracies would be indefinitely led by the nose rather than make the effort of transforming their potential into reality. When potential power and actual power are brought up against one another, the latter is bound to win the first rounds.



Vyacheslav Molotov

But this has nothing to do with diplomacy. Hitler was not clever just because he swallowed up Austria and Czechoslovakia so quickly. He would have been really clever only if after the proclamation of a "protectorate" over Bohemia and Moravia he had realized that it was time to stop and digest his conquests and lull the rest of the world into thinking that this was all he wanted. The Russians, in their turn, had the tremendous luck to swallow China without provoking in the United States anything more than domestic recriminations. Stalin would have been a truly wily diplomat if he had realized that this was as far as he could go for the moment without setting in motion the machinery of U. S. production.

Sic Semper Tyrannis

Is all this due to the intoxication that always seems to go with success, to the vanity peculiar to dictators that prevents them from ever standing still? In the case of Stalin, many of his diplomatic failures must be attributed to the queer working of the dialectical mind, the mind that in the unfolding of events can read only the lesson it is prepared to find in them. He sees the course of history through his dogma and tries with his plans to have history ratify his dogmas.

But history cannot be "planified." No empire has ever been built according to rigid criteria of empire building. Great Britain blundered, quite happily, into its Empire, but Stalin's course is dictated by his dialectical interpretation of history. Stalin and his acolytes are never caught unprepared by events. never have to learn something new Whatever happens confirms a lesson they know by heart.

It is wise, of course, not to underestimate our enemy's power. But let us not fall into the opposite error. The notion of Soviet diplomatic infallibility, like that of the innumerable Russo-Chinese armies, is a legend of our own making. Differently from the other dictators, Stalin might want to stop at the right time, as he once said to Anthony Eden. But does he know where to stop and what the right time is? He may some day step on what dialectically seems to be solid rock—and is a void.

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If Germany Is Unchecked...

The gloomy report of a recently returned expert on dangerous trends in the shaky Federal Republic

HANS SIMONS

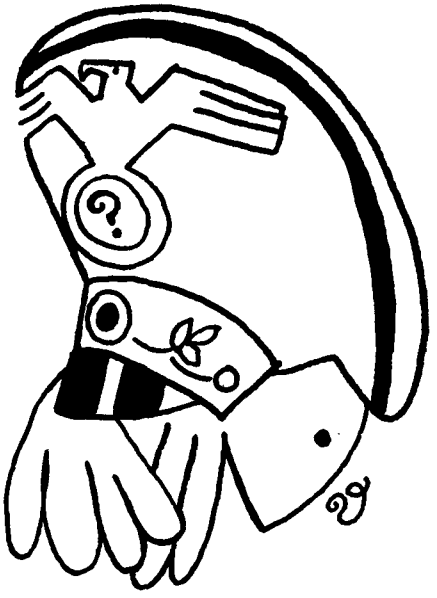
ANYONE who thinks that the German situation is primarily the result of Teutonic characteristics compounded with American mistakes need only look at Japan, where remarkably different circumstances have produced strikingly similar results.

The truth is that our plans for Germany and Germany's responses to them are entire determined by our conflict with Soviet Russia. It is difficult to separate cause and effect, but certainly the impetus toward restoration of German sovereignty and the re-emergence of Nazism are part of a general trend which, whatever its indigenous sources, is steadily accelerated by Soviet policies.

The call to arms which the western Foreign Ministers issued in Brussels last December naturally appealed most to those Germans who felt that, once militarism was made respectable again, Nazism would have an easier time.

As more rightist parties are organized in Germany, more people vote for them. The trend within the Catholic Center groups is toward the Right. Socialism holds its position to a large extent by appealing to anti-Communism and nationalism. But all this political byplay is on the level of party politics, parliamentary representation, and governmental officialdom. These, after all, are only surface realities. Underneath there is another phenomenon, by no means limited to Germany. It is that this whole world of democratic techniques and procedures seems somewhat unrelated to the feelings and emotions of the people.

There are elections, Governments are formed or re-formed, and yet it does not seem to make much difference. No decisive results are obtained by voting, nor can Governments carry out really basic reforms. Whether it takes



weeks or months to form a Cabinet, somehow the country goes on living with little reference to such maneuverings. On the other hand, the moods of the electorate may change while the party vote changes little. Despite such shifts the Government stays in power—and again it does not make much difference. The administrative machinery seems to function smoothly and according to the Constitution. Yet it all resembles a theatrical performance. The people are like spectators who sometimes pay attention to what goes on, sometimes do not bother. Frequently the theater is practically empty, although the action on the stage proceeds as usual.

'Hitler Was Right'

When we began rebuilding West Germany into an equal and sovereign nation, we made various assumptions. The first and most important was that we could rely on that nation for vigorous anti-Communism. But we went further. We made the now-familiar mistake of identifying opposition to the Soviets with preference for democracy—and we assumed that West Germany was in our camp. It is true that far more Germans than the number who support the present Government are violently opposed to the Soviet régime. But that does not make them democrats, and for the immediate purpose of our policy perhaps it does not matter. But the distinction is important because of our preoccupation with democracy in Germany.

The second assumption was that West Germany is essential both to the economic recovery of western Europe and to its military defense. In its economic aspect this assumption was shared by France and resulted in the Schuman Plan; its military implications were harder for France to accept. As Soviet pressure increased, from the summer of 1946 on, the idea of a united Germany wherein West German strength would prevail had to be given up in favor of a West Germany whose resources could be added to our side. To this even France gradually acquiesced. This is the background against which one has to study present developments in Germany.

Many Germans regard the attitude of the Soviets and our response to it as the most powerful justification of Hitler's foreign policy, especially of his attack on the Soviet Union, which they consider as the core of his "world concept." Everywhere in Germany more and more people are saying that all other aspects of Hitler's régime fade beside the importance of his fight against the Red barbarians. Even in the United States this argument has gained some currency. It is easy to understand how in Germany it has done more than anything else to restore

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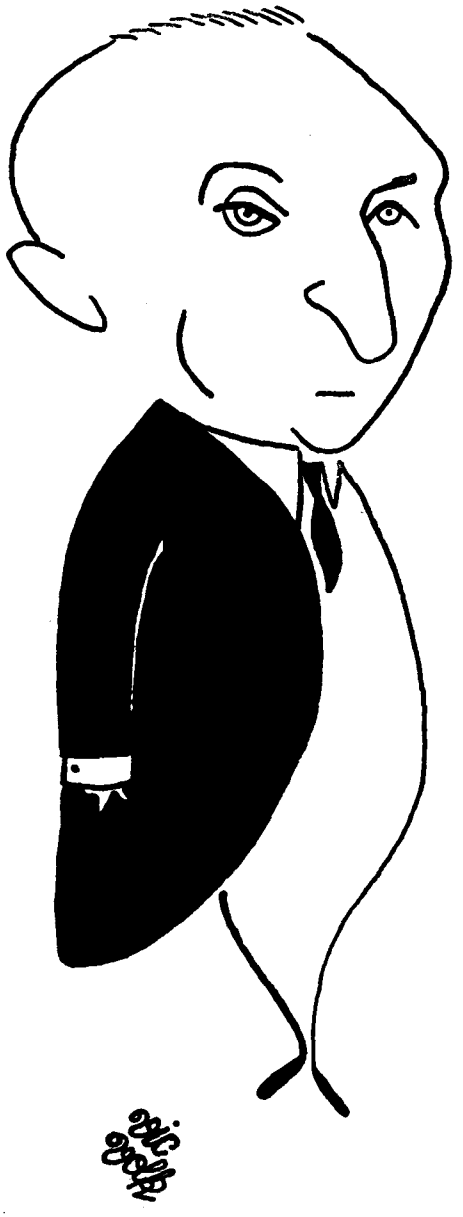


National Socialism to some strange kind of respectability. The growing feeling that events have begun to vindicate Nazism has coincided with the lifting of many restrictions which kept former Nazis out of politics and ex-S.S. men out of sight.

As for the veterans of Hitler's wars, they have again come to the forefront simply because their past experience seemed to fit into Allied military plans for the future. Some are Nazis, some are not. No matter what they are, they say to themselves and to us: "We know the Russians. We knew them all the time. We fought them. Naturally, the Allies will have to ask us to fight them again. We are needed." To achieve a better bargaining position they claim to be in favor of both neutrality and full national sovereignty for Germany. Their leaders are not newly elected veterans, but the old commanders of armies and corps. And the rank and file proudly accept the authority of the generals.

This development has a profound effect on the attitude of those Germans who are not themselves either militaristic or nationalistic—and there are many of them. They too bear the imprint that Hitler left on every German. The struggle between revulsion to Nazism and the inclination to become reconciled to it still goes on within their hearts. In many instances one cannot escape the conclusion that the latter tendency is prevailing. Magazines filled with sentimental stories about the National Socialist period and its heroes, books which recount the sufferings of Germans without ever referring to earlier events in a chain of cause and effect, pamphlets which print what two years ago few would have dared to think, let alone publish, all have wide circulation, and find admirers, but few critics. When a collection of Hitler's off-the-record conversations was recently brought out, ostensibly as evidence of his warped mind, most Germans took it as another sample of his superior wisdom.

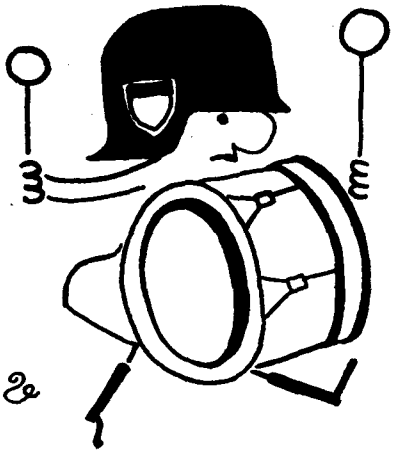
The tendency for Germans to draw from their recent past a new sense of self-reliance, and even pride, is much stronger than appears at the surface political level. A couple of years ago most Germans still imposed a voluntary blackout on the years of war and horror; they were nostalgic about the prewar period, indignant about the occupation. Now nostalgia for the war itself is being cultivated, and its growth provides fertile ground for increasing opposition to western policies. Even if these were perfect, Germans would berate them as a matter of course; since they are not perfect, their unavoidable inconsistencies and consequent confusions invite rather than refute cynicism.

Wehrhoheit

This, then, is the climate in which West Germany is about to regain its sovereignty—in particular its cherished *Wehrhoheit* (military sovereignty) Long before Germany can decide what use will be made of this sovereignty, the struggle is on as to who will exercise it. Right now the belief that there will be a thoroughly independent German army is more widespread than the belief in a German contribution to a European one.

Almost inevitably the civilian government, still dependent on the Allies and already remote from the people, will remain weak. Each political party hopes that somehow it can control the generals and their troops. The Socialists are not opposed to rearmament. Like the Gaullists in France, they insist on a purely national army, and on its freedom of action. They, as well as the parties representing the eastern refugees, want a guarantee that the Allies will employ this army in an "offensive defense" which will keep the war away from Germany and ultimately restore the eastern "lost territories" to the Fatherland.

Aside from political parties competing for the leadership of a sovereign rearmed Germany, there are many groups and individuals busily trying to eliminate certain fellow Germans from the political scene. The techniques are not unfamiliar to Americans. There is, for instance, a former prosecutor of Hitler's disreputable "Peoples' Court." He kept his files—since nobody took them away from him—and uses them now to make sinister accusations against leading figures in the Republic. Others are joining him in discovering that fighting Hitler really meant fighting the homeland, and that all former members of anti-Nazi resistance movements are traitors and should be treated as such. Only a short time ago it was an honor to have been an enemy of the German brand of totalitarianism. Today Hitler's opponents have to explain carefully that they refrained from any actions which could have weakened the war effort. The new



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heroes are those who claim that they stood by the Führer in his hour of need. Character assassination is rampant. In a country like Germany, which passed through the twilight of lawlessness and moral nihilism, it is even easier and more rewarding than elsewhere.

It is understandable that under such circumstances there is fear and hesitation, especially among those who give any endorsement to the policies of the western powers. They cannot do so too openly because that would expose them to another slander which is now directed against everybody who is anybody in West Germany today—namely, that they are collaborationists. An organized attempt is being made to convince the people that only those who are not tainted by any co-operation with the occupying powers can qualify for leadership in the future.

This is an exacting test. The Socialists, for instance, try to prove their integrity by opposing everything endorsed by the West, including the Schuman Plan and the Council of Europe. Alas, these same Socialists participated in many state governments and local administrations under Allied control and helped to set up the national Government. And so they too are collaborators. The only true non-collaborators, not by choice but by force of circumstances, are those whom the Allies did not admit to any positions of significance: the Communists—except for a short period when we put them in coalition Governments, in newspaper editorships, and other places where we wanted a broad anti-Nazi front—and the Nazis, the generals, and some especially obnoxious bureaucrats, bankers, and industrialists we did not want around.

If all this does not yet look serious to the western powers, it does look sinister to those Germans who are striving steadfastly for real democracy. These men have not yet lost their hold on large sections of the German people, but others have occupied the political no man's land created by the barbed wire of occupational restrictions and limitations. The German democrats are holding their own, but new popular forces have been set in motion that work very strongly against them.

Now, as they look for support, their hopes turn toward German unification.

Again it is the pressure of Soviet propaganda that brings the question of German unity to the fore. But there is today a genuine response to such appeals. Officially, of course, everybody is for German unity. For quite a while, however, the matter was regarded primarily in the light of how unification would affect the balance between the Socialists and the so-called bourgeois parties, the balance between Catholic and Protestant forces, between planning and free enterprise. Today East Germany seems to offer the largest reservoir of anti-Communist democrats and of men thoroughly disillusioned about totalitarianism. If it were possible to integrate these people without sacrificing the essentials of democracy, a new and favorable political atmosphere could be created. The hope that this might happen is clearly expressed in the conditions which the West Germans attached to their proposal of free elections.

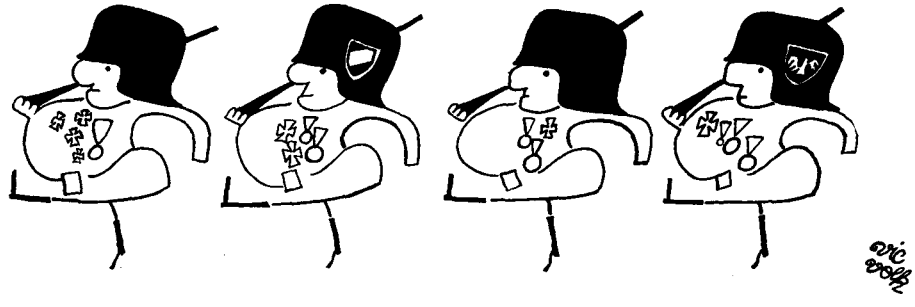
The trouble is that no procedural arrangements can eliminate the threat of Soviet terror from any area actually within its reach. Nevertheless unification remains the only prospect of liberation for all those East Germans who are not profiting from the Communist régime. It also appears to be the promise of protection for all West Germans who cannot expect to profit from either Communism or some kind of Nazism reborn. To the German democrats both in the West and in the East the elections appear as an alternative to civil war. But would they be an alternative or would they be the beginning of civil war, or, worse, of war without adjectives? It is hard to know whether the Germans agitate for elections and unification knowing that these goals will never be attained, or whether they are actually willing to take that enormous chance.

Still in the Middle

It is too late to ponder how our German policy might have been better. We could not prevent Germany's reacquiring its full independence.

Yet, even when rearmed and thoroughly sovereign, Germany can never expect to be anything but one pawn—even if a very important one—in the conflict between East and West. No matter how skillfully the leaders of an independent Germany may try to hold the balance of power between the two blocs, Germany's destiny will inevitably be determined by the outcome of that conflict. The outside world may find some satisfaction in the thought that the conflict between East and West, whether political or military, must inescapably find its battlefield in Germany, at Germany's expense.

This is a prospect that should exert a sobering influence on the German people and on their leaders.



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Kurt Schumacher: The Will to Power

THEODORE H. WHITE

PUSHED and torn as they have been for the last six years by the conflicting aims of the West and the Soviet Union, the German people are to become once again, this month in Paris, the major object of dispute at a meeting of the great powers.

What sets this meeting of the powers apart is that it may very probably be the last time in our generation that Germany will be discussed as an object and pawn of other powers' politics. Whether or not the West and the Soviet world agree on what manner of elections and rules shall govern the making of a united Germany, this much is certain: By next summer the Atlantic Allies will have made West Germany a sovereign nation, freed, except for a few contractual restraints, of the obligations and confinements of defeat. At the next great meeting of nations, Germany will speak for itself.

The Paris U.N. debates have an unreal and mechanical cast in that they still express what other nations wish of Germany, while Germany itself is voiceless. The true problem of Germany can by now be rather easily defined: It is whether its intransigent national bitterness can be contained by any great-power agreement at all, and if so, whether it can be coupled with democracy. To examine that problem one can hardly begin better than by studying the personality of the most colorful figure in German politics, at once the most truculent nationalist and most fervent believer in democracy. He is Kurt Schumacher, leader of Germany's Socialist Party, a man whose crippled body has survived thirty-seven years of German disaster only because of his will to redeem, remake, and rule the Germany that has broken his body to pieces.

Schumacher and his party are dedicated to the proposition that though Germany's future lies with the West, no association, friendly or otherwise, between Germany and the West is possible unless Germany is accepted among the nations on a basis of complete equality, its sins, crimes, and conquests forgotten if not forgiven. His party, controlling almost one-third of the Bonn Parliament, publishing nineteen newspapers with the greatest chain circulation in the country, swaying the great German trade-union federation, is the most powerful single political force in the country. It insists, as its leader has taught it, that if equality does not come instantly, Germany will never have a democratic government based on German consent.

The Moment—Now

If one could project the curve of Socialist growth in German politics from the end of the war into the unknown future, it would seem that time glowed with promise for Kurt Schumacher. From a scattered band of feeble underground cells his Socialists have grown in six years to a federation of 900,000 dues-paying members. Every provincial election in Germany in the past year has added a striking increment to their strength. They are now the largest party in all provinces of the U.S. Zone and all but one province of the British Zone.

But the future is not the faithful servant of any particular party, and between the moment—now—when the Socialists want national elections and the moment ordained by law—1953—history will not stay its course. By then, in the deep, swift transition of German emotion from defeat through petulance to injured pride, the rising curve of Socialist strength may have reached its peak and been passed by other resurgent, more sinister forces in German society.

'Debt of Gratitude'

All through the past year, as American insistence on the arming of Germany has become more impatient, German intransigence has slowly uncurled from its numb winter of defeat. With the Germans more and more reluctant to furnish coal to neighbor countries ruined by the German armies, refusing to furnish scrap iron previously committed by contract, the tide of German will has brought to the surface half a dozen veterans' groups, clamoring for honor for their wounds, speaking of the "debt of gratitude" owed them by the West for their war against Russia. The Socialists have ridden this tide, and urged it on month by month. What worries them now is that the same flood may rush other groups more swiftly to power.

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One can start the chronicle of German emotions last summer on that Sunday in mid-May when 3.4 million citizens of the murky moorland province of Lower Saxony voted for a new provincial government. In that election, the combination of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's party and the German Party continued their unbroken decline in strength, now stretching over four successive West German elections in the past twelve months, falling from 930,000 votes in similar elections in 1947 to 799,000. The Socialists climbed from 1,006,000 in 1947 to 1,123,000. But this rise in votes could not keep the Socialists from losing two of their sixty-six seats in the local assembly because, out of nowhere, two new German parties had demonstrated a dynamism that outmatched theirs. One was the new Socialist Reich Party, a Nazi grouping led in part by General Otto Remer, best described by a British observer as a "political adolescent with the manners and address of a drill sergeant"; the other was the refugee party from whom the Nazis hope to recruit their strength. The Socialist Reich Party won 367,000 votes (eleven per cent of the total) and sixteen seats; the refugees won 496,000 and twenty-two seats.

Through the summer months, Germans debated the meaning of the Lower Saxony elections. Lower Saxony, they said, is a province of little industry, poor soil, bad climate, stuffed with refugees; once the home of the most ardent Nazis, it was the province where the fanatic Right might be expected to gain most. Then in October came the elections of the Bremen enclave, one of the most enlightened and progressive districts of Germany. The decline of Germany's governing Christian Democratic Party was catastrophic: Its popular vote fell from 21.9 to 9.1 per cent of the total, its local Diet seats from twenty-four to nine. The Socialists continued to increase their popular vote, from thirty-four per cent in 1949 to thirty-nine. But again this could not prevent them from losing three of their forty-six seats in the local Diet. The reason was the same: The neo-Nazis of General Remer, presenting their first ticket in Bremen, won 7.7 per cent of the vote and eight Diet seats.

For the Socialists, these elections confirm a cherished thesis—that the struggle for Germany's future lies between them and the progeny of the Nazis. The Government of Konrad Adenauer is fading, they say, having failed to give the Germans the excitement and inspiration they crave. The Socialists say that the longer the democratic parties which now control the Bonn Government fail to blow the breath of fire into the new German democracy, the more difficult it will be for any democratic force to challenge the memory of Hitler.

It is not only this sense of the moment to be grasped that today leads Kurt Schumacher to drive his Socialists on in a parliamentary war as relentless in opposition as was Winston Churchill's campaign against the Labour Government in London; there is also his iron conviction that he and he alone can lead Germany to greatness out of the ruins of the mid-century. Like Churchill, Schumacher is a passionate believer in democracy who cannot conceive a successful democracy in his country without his own leadership.

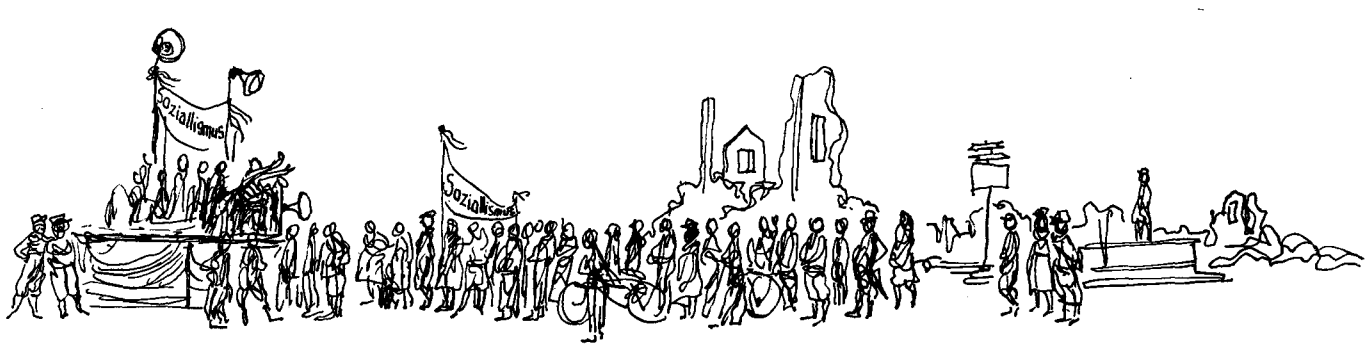
The Dreadful Years

The personal history that produced this conviction spans all the adventures of Germany in this century.

Kurt Schumacher, born in the happy, beer-balmy days of German glory just before the turn of the century, went off to war as a subaltern in a Prussian infantry regiment in the fall of 1914 and returned, three months later, a cripple, his right arm ripped off at the shoulder by a Russian machine-gun burst. From the chaos of Germany's collapse in 1918, he emerged a youthful Socialist politician and newspaper editor, and arrived at the center of national politics in Berlin in 1930 as a Reichstag member—just in time to be put close to the top of the Nazis' blacklist.

Within three months of the Nazi accession to power in 1933, Schumacher began a life in concentration camps which was to stretch over the next ten years. As a librarian in the early mild years at Dachau, he was the center of a web of prison conspiracy; as the prison camps toughened he endured first one stretch of nine months in solitary confinement and then another which he broke with a twenty-eight-day hunger strike. A story of chill courage comes from the later days of the war, in 1943, when the camps had become human meat grinders. One morning, at the line-up, the Nazi guard ordered the sick and disabled to form a file on the left. The one-armed Schumacher refused to join the cripples, and filed off with the able-bodied. When the guard cursed at him to get out, he made himself unhearing, and stalked away among the able-bodied with such audacity that the flabbergasted guard let him proceed. None of the file of cripples was ever heard from again.

In 1943, Schumacher was released and made his way back to his sister's home in Hanover, Lower Saxony. An invalid with yellowing stumps for teeth, his stomach ulcered, his digestion ruined, his eyesight failing, his disposition icy and bitter, he was more a medical freak than a man. From the First World War he still carried about seventeen bits of shrapnel, several of which wandered about his torso causing exquisite pain. A developing thrombosis in his left leg (later to be amputated) made him lame. He lived on



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cigarettes, pills, and black coffee—and his propelling urge to act again.

It was midsummer of 1945 when he first appeared, pale, pinch-faced, and hobbling, in the anteroom of the British political office in the city of Hanover, asking whether and how he might organize a local political party. He made the impression then, one officer says, of an "interesting but completely nondescript fellow." The local Socialists, like every certified anti-Nazi party, were given paper to print on, funds, a car. By October, with these and the Socialist organization of Hanover that had survived the anti-Hitler underground, Schumacher was ready to broaden operations.

In a meeting hall just outside town, he called the first national convention of the Socialist Party since the Weimar Republic. The prewar leaders were old, dead, or infirm of purpose. The widely scattered underground cells, just emerging into legality, were unlinked and planless. Schumacher provided plan, program, spirit, and leadership. The political machine he proceeded to build was his, its ideas his, its perspectives his.

From his own suffering and reflection, Schumacher had by then refined two intense convictions that today charge not only all his thinking but that of the entire Socialist Party.

The first is a nationalism frightening in its fervor. To foreigners who recoil in shock, Schumacher's lieutenants explain that their chief believes that the greatest mistake German democracy made in its struggle with Hitler was to abandon to the Nazis the franchise on patriotism. He is determined now never to repeat the mistake, never to let himself or his party be turned on the nationalist flank by the neo-Nazi flag wavers and tub thumpers. Defeat is the biggest emotional fact in German politics, a wound in the pride of nation and individual; every sight of the alien occupier, his trucks, his tanks, his uniforms, abrades the wound. Schumacher is determined to channel the emotions flowing from this abrasion into the Socialist Party, however extreme the competition. The fact that this perilous game may excite the very forces which destroyed his own body and made Germany a pariah among nations seems to bother the Socialist chieftain but little.

The second is his conviction that his fellow Germans are among the chief

victims as well as the perpetrators of Nazism. From his own humiliation at the hands of Germans behind barbed wire, Schumacher has carried away a compassion that covers all Germans everywhere, living in cellars and hovels, hungry, jobless, warped of mind, crippled of body because of what Hitler made of their country. No other German politician so courageously and continuously defends Jewish rights and insists that the German state make whatever amends and restitutions are possible to the Jews. But Schumacher insists that the disabled veterans of Hitler's armies are similarly victims of Hitler and that they, too, must be aided by the German state.

He thus presents a prickly paradox. Because Schumacher is a man of so pure a record, he wants the outer world to accept the German nation, a Germany which has sacked Europe twice in a generation, on the same basis of dignity and respect that he has won personally by his sacrifices. When the Allies cast at him the record of Germany's past and their suspicions of Germany's future, he rises roaring to ask who knows the record better, or has suffered more.

Control Tomorrow

Schumacher's relation to his party today is roughly that of Moses to the children of Israel in the desert. He is boss, organizer, theoretician, and high priest.

Unlike the stodgy prewar Socialists, Schumacher itches with impatience for power: not power in the old reformist term of "gradualism," but immediate power—elections today and control of the Bonn Government tomorrow.

Socialist vote-getting strategy has changed too. At the core, the Socialists remain a working-class and Protestant party. But more and more Schumacher's sights are trained on the drifting, white-collar middle-class folk whom Hitler won in the 1930's and whose poverty, Schumacher now believes, makes them class brethren to the proletariat. In his search for new wards and clients, Schumacher has also succeeded in soft-pedaling the deep anti-Catholic traditions of the old Socialist Party and convincing thousands of devout Catholic Germans that priest baiting is a thing of the past.

In this reaching out to the political Center, the German Socialists have successfully avoided the drift that has carried the French Socialists so far into the middle class that they have ceased being a working-class party at all. Of the German Trade Union Federation's executive committee of eleven, nine are Socialists; through them Schumacher transmits Socialist feeling and ideas to the trade unions. Closest to Schumacher of all trade-unionists was the federation's postwar founder and animator, Hans Böckler, whose death early this year was a punishing personal loss to the Socialist chief. Schumacher no longer controls the unions as tightly as he did—their new chief has flouted him by acclaiming the Schuman Plan, for example—but by tradition union men still vote Socialist in Germany, and the Socialists in Parliament fight their battles.

At the root of all Socialist policy in Germany today is the party's demand for full sovereignty. The sovereignty the Allies are about to give West Germany displeases Schumacher: It leaves the Saarland separated from Germany; it ties the nation into the Schuman Plan pool of industry; it leaves Germany saddled with the costs of occupying armies. For all this, Schumacher attacks Adenauer and the Allies alike.

This double-barreled attack is demonstrated best in the current debate on German rearmament and the European army. Schumacher is not against rearmament as such—indeed, he sees it as necessary. The stupidity of the Allies, he holds, comes from their belief that Germans will fight as mercenaries in a

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chancy contest without a national command and a national uniform. The stupidity of Adenauer, he believes, lies in his failure to understand how much the Americans want a German Army and how dearly they can be forced to pay for it.

What Schumacher wants is, first, a massive Allied force in Germany that can dam up any Russian advance; then a powerful German national army, equal to those of the other Allies, that can join them in a thrust east to recover Germany's old frontiers. The Franco-German European army now under negotiation is, in his eyes, nonsense.

The Realities

In a Germany led by Kurt Schumacher and the Socialists, these would become realities of German foreign policy:

Item: An unrelenting insistence on German unity. Although Adenauer and his Government chant unity continuously, the Socialists consider their tactics slow and fumbling. Thus it was Schumacher and the Socialists who first caught the opening in the East German proposal for unity this fall—and countered with a demand for immediate city-wide free elections in Berlin, which the Communists ignored. For the Socialists, free elections in Soviet and West Germany, under four-power supervision, are the first step to unity. Although the Socialists are moved by the deepest and most sincere principles in their clamor for unity, unity would also bring them more solid political profit than any other party in the nation. Communist Germany is predominantly Protestant Germany: With its middle class now wiped out, East Germany would, in a free election, overwhelmingly prefer Schumacher and Socialism to the Communist Grotewohl or the Catholic Adenauer.

Item: Denunciation or drastic alteration of the Schuman Plan and other projects of European federation. The Schuman Plan has met the obdurate resistance of all European Socialist Parties except the French. Wherever in western Europe Socialists have controlled national governments, they have proved themselves the most consistent opponents of all of the dozens of schemes for European federation which once, decades ago, seemed the stuff of Socialist dreams. But the German Socialists, in their opposition to the Schuman Plan, go far beyond their sister Socialist Parties. They see Germany's coal industry, which produces half of west Europe's coal, at the mercy of five other nations which will outvote Germany in the disposition of its wealth. They believe (on the basis of extravagantly inaccurate information) that the abolition of customs and trade barriers is an attempt of a swollen postwar French cartel to dump surplus steel on a German industry still devastated by war. Finally, although this is never publicly proclaimed, they call the close association of the two devoutly religious statesmen, Konrad Adenauer and Robert Schuman, a "black Catholic international."

Item: A strong anti-Communist, anti-Russian stance, so much bolder than that of other European powers as to make France and Britain look pink by comparison.

Schumacher's own personal hatred of the Communists, whom he remembers as the partners of the Nazis in the destruction of Weimar democracy, is so deep that the Allied occupation can and does forgive him almost all his other excesses of statement. Schumacher is consulted by the Allied occupation authorities on many matters concerning the East Zone of Germany. He was even requested by the U.S. State Department to offer tactical suggestions for countering the Russians at the most recent Deputy Foreign Ministers' meeting in Paris.

Schumacher enjoys cordial relations with the U.S. and British High Commissioners, occasionally breaking his personal austerity to attend their parties or dinners. He dislikes—and is

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disliked in turn by—the brittle, glittering French High Commissioner André François-Poncet, whom he calls a "misplaced person."

Domestic Vagueness

Although the Socialists can define their position with conspicuous clarity on all matters of foreign policy, the essence of their domestic "socialism" is baffling and vague. Since the war, a succession of "socialist" parties have come to power in western Europe. All have demonstrated a stunning lack of intellectual preparation and hard, practical plans with which to put flesh on their theories. German Socialists are no better prepared to answer the humdrum problems of national economy than the "socialist" parties of other nations.

The approach to German recovery chosen by the present Adenauer Government in Bonn, and financed largely by billions of dollars in American aid, has been one of traditional free-enterprise economy. The result has been the separation of Germany into rich and poor, into an economy that rubs luxury and wealth against misery and unemployment. In this season of sickening inflation, prices have crept up month by month, strengthening the political appeal of the Socialists as they denounce the Government for a policy of spree and starvation.

Schumacher insists that a system of controls like Britain's is the only answer. But though he wants to alter the economic structure of the land, he has no blueprints ready. When, as in their support of labor's demand for codetermination (*Mitbestimmungsrecht*) in the Bundestag, the Socialists take a positive stand on an economic issue, their stand seems unrelated to any great frame in which they see Germany's economics logically reorganized from the ground up.

This is a tragedy, for the economics of Germany are vastly more complicated than those of France and Britain, grotesquely more frightening than they were when they crumbled into the street violence and paranoia of Hitler's Third Reich. Yet Socialist headquarters, which maintains a huge and efficient staff (number of personnel is secret) to correlate intelligence coming out of Communist East Germany, supports an economic committee of only one economist and his secretary to work out the great answers for the moment of power.

During the past two years, the recovery of Kurt Schumacher's health has been no less remarkable than that of Germany. His sunken, once-cadaverous cheeks have rounded into pink good health, and his enormous gray-blue eyes, set in their pockets of crows'-feet, are clear and penetrating. His nervous and physical strength is prodigious—in the Lower Saxony elections he scheduled fifteen major one-and-a-half-hour speeches in fifteen days and followed each with detailed tactical convocations of local politicians. His phrase-making still glitters. (Some of his best: Of the Marxist brotherhood of Communists and Socialists—"they are brothers like Cain and Abel"; of the Nazis—the party that called "to the inner swine-dog in every man"; of two of his pet hates: "When a cavalry officer has brains he becomes a Churchill; when he has no brains he is a von Papen.")

Man Who Can't Wait

But the pattern of Schumacher's strength is one that in any conversation reveals itself spotted with impatience and frustration. His good right arm flicks, flails, darts as he talks. His cheeks and lips puff out as he listens to questions, then explode with the answers. He cannot wait. It is as if he feared that the forces he is stirring alive with his impassioned speeches will not wait for him.

The immediate perspectives and tactics of Schumacher are more difficult, less clear than his broad strategy. The Adenauer Government cannot be forced to call elections because the Socialists have only 131 votes in a Bundestag of 402. Adenauer cannot be turned out of office by Parliament unless Parliament by the same vote gives a majority to someone else.

The law stipulates that the present Parliament must continue until 1953 unless it chooses dissolution. So, while waiting for 1953, the Socialists vote over and over again in opposition, hoping that some group on the far Right of the Government will join them in destroying it. There is the Schuman Plan to be ratified, the European army plan to be ratified, the new peace treaty with the Allies to be ratified before spring—Schumacher is against all of these, whatever they may be, and on any one of them the Adenauer coalition may split to make government impossible, thus forcing new elections. There is the daily inflation, chewing slowly through the security of every German householder—it may provoke a surge of public feeling that could overwhelm Adenauer.

No one can judge how the groping passions of the Germans will shape the next elections, whether they come next month or eighteen months from now. The elements are quite simple: First, the neo-Nazi parties and their clients, whose strength is expected to spurt sharply. Next, the Catholics and democratic voters of Adenauer's Center, whose strength has been eroding month by month for a year. Finally the Socialists, gaining strength but with an acceleration sharply less than the Nazis'. Few observers think that the Socialists will be able to boost their present one-third of the Bundestag to a clear-cut majority. The probable result of elections will be a Bundestag where Center groups holding the balance of power will be caught between the new Nazis and the Socialists. This Center would have as its only choices Schumacher or chaos. The Socialists feel certain it would prefer Schumacher, and the rest of the world will simply have to like it—or lump it.

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Trujillo's Dynasty—II

There's nothing like a nice tight little dictatorship to keep things stirred up in the Caribbean area

THEODORE DRAPER

On July 25 of this year, a former U.S. landing craft called *El Quetzal* flying the Guatemalan flag set out from the Cuban port of El Mariel with a cargo of fruits and vegetables bound for Puerto Livingston in Guatemala. Four days later it appeared off the southern coast of the Dominican Republic, and a Dominican warship escorted it into the naval base of Las Calderas. For over three weeks, nothing was heard of *El Quetzal*. On August 24, the Cuban press front-paged a sensational report: Dominican warships had "captured" a Guatemalan-registered cargo ship in Cuban waters and its captain had been "tortured" to make him say that he had gone to the Dominican Republic voluntarily.

Two days later, the Dominican authorities produced the captain, Alfredo Brito, at a press conference in Ciudad Trujillo. He turned out to be a twenty-seven-year-old native Dominican. His crew was made up of five Cubans, three Guatemalans, and another Dominican. He calmly related that he had served as an instructor for the Guatemalan Navy and had been put in charge of *El Quetzal* earlier this year by a Cuban Congressman, Enrique Henríquez, who had helped pay for reconditioning the vessel. Brito proudly announced that the Dominican Navy was taking him back. Cuban papers bitterly accused him of always having been a secret agent of Trujillo sent to spy on the exiles in Guatemala and Cuba.

Behind this strange incident was an even stranger one. In 1947, *El Quetzal* had had a different name, *La Fantasma*. It was virtually a phantom ship, for it had taken part in one of the most bizarre of recent Caribbean adventures, the abortive invasion of the Dominican Republic from Cuba known as the "Cayo Confites affair." Henríquez had been one of the ringleaders of that ill-fated and harebrained enterprise. He was actually a Dominican by birth who had been driven into exile by Trujillo. In Cuba he had taken out citizenship, married the sister of the future President Prío Socarrás, and had even gotten himself elected to the Cuban Congress.

El Quetzal, which was *La Fantasma,* which was a U.S. landing craft; Enrique Henríquez, who is a Cuban and was a Dominican; Alfredo Brito, who worked for Guatemala and Cuba and now works for the Dominican Republic —all are symptoms of an almost permanent Caribbean crisis. Invariably, in one way or another, President Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina of the Dominican Republic is sure to be found in the middle of it.

Massacre of the Haitians

Like every dictator, Trujillo must have enemies to feel safe. They are the necessary excuse for the police state that protects him. Though he has little to worry about these days from internal enemies, he has made enough outside to keep him nervous.

His first obvious external enemy was Haiti. It was an easy mark because a century of almost steady decline had left Haiti virtually defenseless militarily. Moreover, Trujillo could take advantage of the historic enmity between the two countries which goes back to the Haitian occupation of what is now the Dominican Republic for twenty-two years over a century ago.

For years, Haitian peasants had been coming into the Dominican sugar fields to work for half as much as the native laborers. Yet, without warning, early in October, 1937, Trujillo supposedly appeared on the northern frontier and personally ordered his troops to shoot down thousands of defenseless Haitian peasants. The mass butchery lasted at least two days. Haitian estimates ran as high as twelve thousand deaths.

This is one subject that Trujillo's apologists like to discuss least of all but, when forced to do so, they hint darkly that the Haitians represented a threat that had to be beaten back, and anyway it all happened a long time ago. Such was the threat that a weak and fearful Haitian government kept quiet for over a month, then merely appealed for mediation and finally meekly accepted $750,000 to consider the incident closed. The Haitians still come in each season to work in the Dominican sugar fields, so it was not to keep them out that so many were murdered.

Bad-Neighbor Policy

The unfavorable repercussions of the 1937 slaughter in the U.S. and elsewhere made Trujillo more careful, but he could not leave Haiti alone permanently. All the threads in the plot to overthrow the Estimé régime in 1949 led directly to Trujillo himself.

Colonel Astrel Roland, a disgruntled Haitian Army officer, fled to the Dominican Republic, where he was given the facilities of the leading radio sta-

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tion, La Voz Dominicana, owned by the dictator's brother, Colonel José Arismendi Trujillo Molina, to call for the overthrow of the Estimé régime. Plans were made to assassinate high Haitian officials, to start fires in Port-au-Prince, and to create panic in the streets, while Roland invaded Haiti itself from Jimaní, in Dominican territory. From the Dominican Embassy inside the Haitian capital, Chargé d'Affaires Dr. Rodríguez Lora and First Secretary de Moya helped finance the conspiracy. The principal part was played by Anselmo Paulino, the dictator's favorite lieutenant, whose wife is a Haitian.

The imminent attack was frustrated by the Haitian police in November, 1949. Estimé's successor, General Paul E. Magloire, one of those slated for assassination, has adopted a conciliatory policy. One of his first executive acts, in February, 1951, was to meet Trujillo at the border to sign a joint statement "in defense of the principles of justice, liberty, and democracy."

For the time being, the island is quiet again—but without illusions. No one on either side doubts that it will be quiet only so long as it suits the Dominican dictator's purposes.

Trujillo and Cuba

One reason for Trujillo's recent letup on Haiti is the fact that he has an even bigger fight on his hands. At the moment, his chief enemy is Cuba, a much stronger and richer antagonist. The whole story goes back to the end of the war and has to be pieced together out of several little-known episodes.

First, there was Trujillo's slightly incredible flirtation with the Communists. As the war was coming to a close, Trujillo decided to jump on the band wagon of U.S.-Soviet collaboration. As early as 1944, he made an overture to the Communists by sending his "labor leader," Julio César Ballester Hernández, to the Colombia Congress of Lombardo Toledano's Latin-American Labor Confederation (CTAL). Lombardo gave Ballester to understand that a deal was possible.

The postwar period brought political upheaval all around the Dominican Republic. In Cuba, Grau San Martín succeeded Colonel Batista in 1944. In Guatemala, Arévalo replaced General Ubico, and in Venezuela, Rómulo Betancourt superseded General Medina in 1945. In Haiti, Dumarsais Estimé took over from Trujillo's friend Elie Lescot in 1946. All four, Grau, Arévalo, Betancourt, and Estimé, represented a sharp swing to the Left. It seemed as if the time had come to sweep out all the reactionary dictators from the entire region.

Trujillo saw the danger and tried to head it off by making concessions. In 1945 he established diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union and sent emissaries to Cuba, one of them Ramón Marrero Aristy of the Secretariat of Labor, to assure the Dominican exiles that they were welcome home to build up a free labor movement.

The offer was accepted. A National Workers Congress was held in Ciudad Trujillo in September, 1946. To it came a group of Lombardo Toledano's leading aides, the Cubans Buenaventura López and Ursinio Rojas, the Mexicans Fernando Amilpa and Luis Gómez, and the Dominican exiles Mauricio Báez and Ramón Grullón.

The "united front" was consummated. Ballester became Secretary-General, Báez the Organizational Secretary, and Grullón the Cultural and Propaganda Secretary of the Confederación Dominicana del Trabajo. In October, Trujillo went even farther and gave orders to his Secretary of Interior and Police to take "all the necessary measures to guarantee the members of the Communist group" the freedom to form a legally recognized political party. The Communists lost no time and organized the Partido Socialista Popular Dominicano and Juventud Democrática.

'. . . he established diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union'

The deal was short-lived. A strike of sugar workers, led by Báez, was put down violently by army units. Báez and other strike leaders found refuge in the Mexican and Venezuelan Embassies, then fled to Cuba. The final crackdown came at a Communist demonstration in the Parque Colón. Shortly after the meeting started, strong-arm squads of the Partido Dominicano went into action, wild fighting broke out, and soon the demonstrators were clamoring to get into the foreign embassies.

Báez disappeared from his home in Havana last year. He had been cooperating of late with the Inter-American Confederation of Workers (CIT), supported by the American Federation of Labor, which suspects that he was kidnaped and murdered by Trujillo's secret police, who were known to be especially active in Cuba.

This was one of the strangest maneuvers in Trujillo's political career. He was willing to make a deal with the Communists—and they with him—but he refused to have any relations with the CIT. Then he broke with the Communists just in time to jump on the band wagon again.

The Cayo Confites Fiasco

The Dominican exiles in Cuba would not give up so easily. They had failed once by peaceful means; now they were going to get back by force.

Their new plan was at first sight a wild one—nothing less than a military invasion of the Dominican Republic from Cuba. Nevertheless, they could count on some important allies. The Grau San Martín Government was willing to help short of declaring war. Cuba was full of desperate exiles from Nicaragua, Honduras, and elsewhere, ready to band together in a community of interest. Trujillo was only the first target. Soldiers of fortune were available for money and adventure. Most important, arms were not lacking.

The U.S. was selling surplus Second World War arms at bargain rates. Early in 1947, U.S. authorities discovered that stolen war materials were finding their way to the Caribbean. A Marsalis Construction Company was identified as engaged in arms smuggling.

The Communists were only part of the plot. The financier of the movement was Juan Rodríguez García, a big Dominican landowner whom Trujillo had driven out. Ordinarily, the

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'. . . his most ardent devotion is reserved for Franco and Perón'

facts about such a conspiracy would be difficult to substantiate. In this case, we are fortunate that the Council of the Organization of American States made such a thorough investigation and issued such a candid report.

The preparations were initiated in Cuba in the first half of 1947. Over a thousand men were gathered together in Havana and other points. Even public recruiting was used to increase the expeditionary force. The training and concentration of forces were carried on at the Anacra airport and at the Polytechnic Institute.

A miniature navy, including two barges, a commercial motor schooner, and the landing craft *La Fantasma,* was anchored in various Cuban ports. The would-be invaders had twelve or fourteen planes. Cannon, bazookas, "hundreds of rifles and machine guns," and "millions of cartridges" had been stored up. A big cache of arms was uncovered on the estate of the Cuban Minister of Education, José Manuel Alemán, near Havana.

The final concentration of the entire expeditionary force was carried out on one of the keys off the Cuban coast, Cayo Confites. By June, 1947, it was an open secret. The Dominican government officially protested in July. The U.S. Embassy in Havana brought the strongest pressure to bear on the Cuban government. The latter finally yielded in September and briefly "arrested" the ringleaders. The whole expedition was dispersed and the fantastic scheme came to nothing.

Despite this fiasco, the exiles would not give up. The Cayo Confites group reorganized for more adventures and became known popularly as the Caribbean Legion. It played a leading part in the Costa Rican revolution of March-April, 1948, which put José Figueres in power. This success encouraged them to take another crack at Trujillo.

The Landing at Luperón

This time the plan was to launch the invasion from Guatemala. Again men and arms were assembled—with the connivance of the Guatemalan military authorities. The climax on June 19, 1949, was even more extravagant than that of the Cayo Confites affair.

Five planes took off from the Lago de Izabal in Guatemala. Four of them, two Guatemalan Army planes and two of Mexican commercial registry, came down at Cozumel in Mexican territory. Only one Catalina flying boat, acquired in the U.S. by an agent of the Guatemalan government and exported in January, 1949, ostensibly to the Guatemalan Ministry of Defense, arrived in the Dominican Republic. With fourteen people aboard and fifteen .45-caliber Reising submachine guns, it made a water landing at the port of Luperón. The plane was destroyed by a Dominican Navy vessel, but the men continued to fight in the surrounding hills for two or three days. Five were caught and the rest killed.

As soon as he had been tipped off about the threat from Cuba, Trujillo began to arm against it. He was unable to get arms from the U.S., but the Perón régime in Argentina and the Dutra régime in Brazil came to his rescue. Compulsory military training was established in 1947. Today he has a standing army of about twelve thousand men, and another sixty thousand receive four months' training. He has a navy of 2,500 men and thirty-four combat and auxiliary vessels, including two destroyers. He has an air force of 1,400 men and fifty combat and training planes. He spends $18 million a year on his armed forces, or about one-fourth of the total budget. He has his own $5-million small-arms and ammunition factory, Armería E.N., at San Cristóbal, which local people used to call the "candy factory" because Trujillo was so secretive about it.

As a result, Trujillo today controls the strongest military force in the Caribbean. When he chooses to launch a propaganda campaign against one of his neighbors, he has the power to back it up—short of U.S. displeasure.

Sugar-Coated Enmity

And now Trujillo has become bold enough to take pot shots at U.S. diplomats and U.S. economic interests. He has an immediate grievance and some long-range designs. In the first case, the U.S. finds itself in the middle of a fierce struggle between the Dominicans and Cubans for a larger share of the U.S. sugar market. In the second case, U.S. and Dominican interests are clashing directly and the crucial struggle may again be waged over sugar.

The Sugar Act of 1948 gave Cuba a virtual monopoly of the import quota. Cuba's share was 2.2 million tons, the Dominican Republic's only four thousand. Trujillo did not care because the entire Dominican sugar crop of about 500,000 tons was bought up in bulk by Great Britain—for dollars. Sugar still represents about fifty per cent of Dominican exports, so the entire economy rests on it.

Early in 1950, Trujillo and the Dominican sugar interests became uneasy because a Commonwealth sugar agreement was signed increasing the share

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of Commonwealth producers in the British market, to take effect in 1953. At the Torquay tariff conferences this year, it was reported that Britain and Cuba discussed a long-term contract for 500,000 tons a year.

Alarmed at the possible loss or sharp reduction of the British sugar market, Dominican sugar interests had to look elsewhere. There was only one place to turn for help—to the United States. And there Cuba blocked the way.

To get the Cuban quota reduced and the Dominican raised, Trujillo ordered one of the most intensive campaigns ever conducted by foreign agents in the U.S. Sugar, added to Cayo Confites, made Cuba Trujillo's Enemy No. 1.

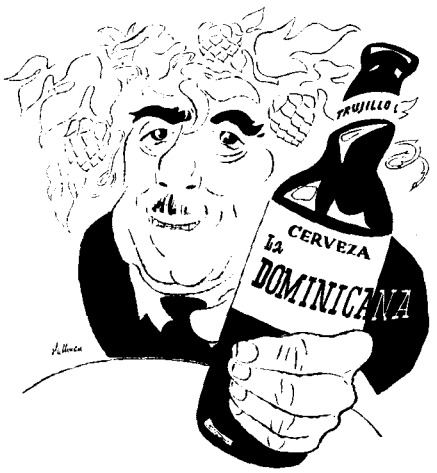
Trujillo's U.S. Agents

The Dominican chorus in Washington boasts some of the best people. The man who has done Trujillo the most good over the longest period in the U.S. is Joseph E. Davies. He started as Trujillo's counsel in the early 1930's to readjust the U.S. debt, for which he reputedly received a fee of over $250,000. He became Trujillo's chief agent in Washington for a sum said to be in the neighborhood of $50,000 annually. On his latest visit to the Dominican Republic, in 1948, Davies lauded Trujillo as "the greatest creator and most prodigious leader in Dominican history." Mrs. Davies was presented with the highest Dominican decoration. As ambassador to the Soviet Union, Davies also developed a remarkable admiration for Joseph Stalin, which must establish something of a record for catholicity of taste in dictators.

Davies turned over his Dominican business to the firm of Cummings, Stanley, Truitt & Cross. Homer S. Cummings is the former Attorney-General. Max O'Rell Truitt is Vice-President Barkley's son-in-law. The same firm represents Franco Spain. The Dominican account has been worth $2,000 per month since October, 1946.

Another registered agent, Charles Alton McLaughlin, who as a colonel in the U.S. Marines during the occupation helped discover Trujillo, gets $400 monthly and expenses. He serves as technical adviser in military matters, particularly the organizing of the Dominican Navy. Another group, Edwin Norman Clark, Paul F. Schucker, and Alfred G. Tuckerman, gets $5,500 per month and expenses for negotiating U.S. supplies and equipment necessary for Armería E.N. Harry C. Klemfuss of the Dominican Republic Information Center in New York received about $40,000 from October, 1949, to October, 1950, for handing out more or less official propaganda. Since then his appropriation has been cut drastically.

The new sugar quotas represent a partial victory for Trujillo, but hardly enough to satisfy him. He wanted to



increase the Dominican quota from four thousand tons to 250,000. He was given less than 30,000.

Friends Franco and Perón

Cuban sugar is only one of Trujillo's recent complaints against the U.S. The others are more far-reaching in significance.

In his foreign relations, Trujillo has always played a cagey game. His head told him that he could not afford to alienate the democracies, but his heart called him to the other dictatorships. He took his first steps on the road to power as a police agent of the U.S. Marines during the occupation of 1916-1924, and he used to be quite content to be known as more or less a puppet. In today's circumstances, however, his most ardent devotion is reserved for Franco and Perón, which has led to some peculiar complications.

The most active and most popular embassy in Ciudad Trujillo is undoubtedly the Spanish. It is headed by one of Franco's foremost propagandists, formerly in Washington, Manuel Aznar. Trujillo has made his own the Franco slogan of "Hispanidad" and never misses an opportunity to pay tribute to Spain's "spiritual guidance." He appointed himself Franco's chief advocate in the United Nations and successfully led the fight against the diplomatic boycott of the present Spanish régime.

Perón's influence is less spiritual. Trujillo is particularly indebted to him for arms in 1947, when he still could not get them from the U.S. Whenever possible, Trujillo sends Perón a little note of appreciation, such as this unsolicited testimonial last March as soon as Perón announced an Argentine atomic discovery: "The brilliant success attained by Argentine science in experiments for the controlled release of atomic energy is a legitimate reward for Your Excellency's lofty and constructive efforts on behalf of the Argentine people and for your high ideals of world peace and solidarity within the principles of Christian civilization." In view of the recent interest in "Aesopian" language, this fine example might be filed under "Dictators, Western Hemisphere, 1951."

García Godoy's 'Revelations'

With only two-thirds of a small island a short hop from Miami in his clutches, Trujillo cannot afford the disdain of Franco or the defiance of Perón in his relations with the United States. Yet strange things have been happening.

The first curious symptom came in April of this year. *El Caribe,* the government's most important mouthpiece, came out with a series of six articles entitled "On the Margin of an Aide-Mémoire," by Emilio García Godoy, the former Dominican ambassador in Washington. These unusually undiplomatic memoirs raked up an incident six years old in order to launch an attack of unprecedented violence against former Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden and former U. S. Ambassador Ellis O. Briggs.

Braden and Briggs were the only U. S. diplomats in two decades to stand up to Trujillo, and he has never forgiven them. The first run-in came soon after Braden took charge of Latin-American affairs in 1945. Trujillo got the strange idea of changing the name of Dajabon, the very town where most of the Haitians were slaughtered in 1937, to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Braden called in García Godoy and advised him against it in no uncertain terms. If Trujillo insisted, Braden threatened to denounce the outrage publicly. Trujillo backed down.

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Braden's second defiance of Trujillo was more serious. On November 29, 1945, the Dominican government, through García Godoy in Washington, asked the State Department for an export permit to obtain an extravagant quantity of arms from Winchester. A month later, on December 28, 1945, Braden handed García Godoy a note to which was added an aide-mémoire. It was the latter which shook up García Godoy. Braden made these points: It was impossible to see why the Dominican government wanted so many arms unless it intended to use them against a neighbor or its own people. It was the policy of the United States to co-operate fully only with governments that were freely elected. Democracy did not exist in the Dominican Republic either in theory or in practice.

This was unprecedented language for our State Department, which had permitted one U.S. ambassador not long before to put his son in the Dominican cadet corps and wear its uniform. García Godoy returned home hastily to confer with Trujillo personally. They thought up a scheme for turning the tables on Braden by demanding the publication of the "insulting" aide-mémoire, together with some old, innocuous correspondence with former Secretary of State Cordell Hull. This strategy was supposed to show how differently Hull had written to Trujillo. Braden told them to publish the aide-mémoire but referred them to Hull for permission to use his correspondence. To this day the document has never been made public.

García Godoy's articles, full of slanderous and discredited gossip, such as the allegedly sinister influence in the State Department of Gustavo Durán, did not disturb the present U.S. ambassador, Ralph H. Ackerman, a career diplomat sent to Ciudad Trujillo three years ago to pacify Trujillo. There was some consolation in the fact that Braden is now a private citizen and Ambassador Briggs is serving in faraway Prague.

The next attack, however, was less amusing. On August 22, *El Caribe's* editorial page was decorated with not one but three articles, including one by the editor-in-chief, assailing in the most insulting terms the present Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American affairs, Edward G. Miller.

The technique of abuse in all three articles is characteristic. First Miller is accused of favoring Cuba; then Cuba is denounced as a haven of Communism; ergo, Miller is an ally of Communism. The Dominican radio duly broadcast this absurd charge. A State Department spokesman retorted that it was too "fantastic" to merit comment.

The tie-up of Miller and Cuba gave the game away. What irks Trujillo about Cuba is not so much Communism as sugar. Miller's family has had large sugar interests in Cuba for many years. These attacks on Braden, Briggs, and Miller came in the midst of the lobbying campaign for a higher Dominican sugar quota. They constituted diplomatic blackmail.

Yet they were a little more than merely that.

'Muscling In'

Since the war, Trujillo's investments have been so widespread that he has reached the point of invading the traditional economic territory of U.S. interests. The rivalry is not yet one that either side wishes to bring out into the open, but it is in the back of everyone's mind and has already led to some strain in the old alliance between U.S. economic interests and Trujillo's régime.

As late as 1945, seventy-five per cent of the capital invested in Dominican industry was estimated to be in the hands of foreign interests, almost all of them U.S. One of these U.S. investments was El Presidente beer, which practically everyone drank. One day a Dominican group, which let it be understood that President Trujillo was behind them, offered to "buy" the business. The offer was turned down because the U.S. owners did not think that Trujillo would dare to treat them as he had done Dominicans.

And, in fact, a slightly different method was used. A new Dominican brewery was built and another beer, La Dominicana, appeared. Almost immediately, El Presidente disappeared. Today, it is virtually impossible to purchase a bottle of El Presidente.

El Presidente's fate shook up the U.S. business community. Now an even bigger threat looms.

Until last year, there were fourteen sugar "centrals," or mills, half of them owned by two U.S. companies, South Porto Rican Sugar Trading Corporation and West Indies Sugar Corporation. These two accounted for three-fourths of the total crop. The only other large sugar-producing interest was an Italian-Dominican family's.

The new capitalist group around Trujillo was busy invading other fields —meat, cement, rice, peanut oil, sisal rope and bags, milk, textiles, matches, lard, and beer. Finally it amassed sufficient capital and built up enough political confidence to go after the big money in sugar. In 1950, two new mills, Río Haina and Catarey, went into operation backed by the Trujillo interests, with, of course, full govern-

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ment support. A third one is scheduled to open in 1953.

The invasion of the sugar field is Trujillo's biggest economic gamble. It may represent an investment of as much as ten million dollars, and has virtually drained the country of native investment capital. At least as significant as the money involved was the fact that the new Dominican mills were launched with propaganda that Perón has shown how to use so successfully.

The old U.S. mills were blamed for failing to expand production during the war because they have Cuban and other interests which clash with the needs of Dominican nationalism. As expressed by Germán E. Ornes, editor-in-chief of *El Caribe,* this made necessary "enterprises like the Rio Haina Central, owned by purely Dominican capital and totally independent of the monopolistic international corporations."

In this new language of Trujilloism, Ornes went on: "It was necessary to establish national enterprises distinct from those whose only interest is to defend their vaster possessions in other territories to the detriment of the possibilities for expanding Dominican industry. That is to say, it was necessary to create a Dominican mentality in the sugar industry. The new type of sugar enterprises—purely Dominican— . . . denoted a new feeling of nationalist responsibility in the somnolent sugar industry . . ."

The most contagious force in Latin America today is Perónism. It exercises a fascination on all sides, from the extreme left-wing Arévalo to the extreme right-wing Trujillo, horrified as both of them would be to be linked together. Even Trujillo, creature of a U.S. occupation, refuses to remain a puppet. Even the U.S. sugar interests, to whom he owes so much, have bought no permanent immunity.

The appeasement of these dictatorships is just as economically futile as it is politically evil. Failure to encourage democracies in Latin America is not merely morally wrong any longer—it is stupid.

(This is the second of two articles by Mr. Draper on the Trujillo régime.)

A Town Los Angeles Can't Absorb

The corporate duchy of Vernon, almost surrounded by L.A., boasts more factories than homes; 250 voters, 42,000 workers

RICHARD DONOVAN

FOR THE LAST several years, millions of readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* have been richly informed by a series of articles on American cities. As these civic biographies continued, I kept hoping that the *Post* would some day get to a California city I am very much interested in named Vernon, which is an incorporated area practically surrounded by Los Angeles. But it now seems that no one is going to get to Vernon. So I will have to do it myself.

Vernon, as the civic biographers say, is a city of contrasts. It is a mere four and a sixth square miles over all; yet it contains 114 miles of railroad sidings. It has only 225 dwelling units, most of them shacks, but it has over 600 factories, many of them huge. Its resident population is 840, and of this number somewhat over a quarter are registered voters. But Vernon's working population, which comes and goes every weekday, numbers over 42,000.

Vernon has few streets and signals, no parks or public recreation facilities, no hospital, no municipally owned sewage system, no civil service, no newspaper. Yet the cost of property there is prohibitively high. No one has built a home in Vernon for years, so the resident population dwindles steadily; even so, the five-man City Council, which runs the town, encourages even further residential decline. Though Vernon has almost no retail business, the Santa Fe, Southern Pacific, and Union Pacific railroads, not to mention many great interstate trucking lines, all converge there.

Fiscally speaking, Vernon's contrasts are even more striking. Although its yearly budget is a relatively trifling $500,000, the grand worth of its property exceeds $500 million and its assessed valuation $147,654,000. This valuation is fourth highest among the forty communities in Los Angeles County—including ones that have thousands of times Vernon's resident population.

In sum, Vernon is in the interesting position of being one of the smallest, least livable, and cheapest cities in California and at the same time the largest, richest, and best-located concentration of industrial might in any four square miles in the western United States.

H.Q. for Smog

What makes Vernon a city of such contrasts? In a word, taxes. By insisting on political autonomy, by keeping the vote small and manageable, and by

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holding municipal costs down to the subsistence level, Vernon's officials have been able to offer industry the lowest city property-tax rate (twenty-two cents per $100) and one of the lowest consolidated tax rates ($4.66 per $100) in Southern California, at the same time offering it all the advantages of proximity to Los Angeles, where the property tax jumps to $1.78 and the consolidated tax to $6.53. Naturally, industry has grabbed at the offer. As a result, Los Angeles has lost some $150 million in industrial taxes over the last twenty years. From Vernon it has gained mainly smog.

Vernon is more than a tax dodge. It is an urban ailment—a parasitical city within a city, drawing nourishment from its host but giving little or nothing in return. Many big cities of the world are burdened with similar civic free-loaders, and as the world becomes more urbanized they become more anachronistic and troublesome.

Los Angeles, for example, is forced to recognize Vernon's forty-six-year-old political frontiers (even though they lie five minutes' drive from the downtown district), and yet let Vernon use its parks, beaches, hospitals, libraries, and even its sewers, all tax free. Although Vernon will hire only one part-time municipal doctor, in lieu of establishing a public-health department, Los Angeles cannot stand by and see Vernon felled by epidemic, nor can its fire department fiddle while Vernon burns.

Vernon Was Willing

Like almost every other plot of ground around Los Angeles, Vernon got under way as a desert and was turned into a real-estate development and then into an orange grove. Even in 1905, when Vernon was incorporated, it was a "special-treatment" area, profiting from nonconformity—a place where celebrants from Los Angeles could get a drink after midnight and expand in other pleasant ways.

Vernon lost much of its charm with the passage of the Volstead Act in 1919, and the city fathers were obliged to look around for other special services to render. In 1920 a group of Los Angeles manufacturers, seeking just such a low-tax duchy as Vernon, hit on the idea of setting up in business there. Vernon was willing.

The Leonis Saga

The community had, and has, one leading citizen—John B. Leonis. Leonis was a French immigrant who came to Vernon in the 1890's with a horse and wagon, a wife, two children, and no money. He squatted on free land for a while, presently became the proprietor of a dry-goods store, and wound up owning more than half of Vernon's acreage. When the manufacturers came to talk to official Vernon, they talked to Leonis.

Their conversations must have been interesting. The deal, in essence, was this: The manufacturers would occupy Leonis's land at rates that would make him many times a millionaire. Leonis, in turn, would keep city taxes low and otherwise deliver his duchy to the manufacturers. Basically, delivery involved control of Vernon's voters, who could, by state law, decide to become part of Los Angeles any time they chose. Controlling the voters was not too great a trick. Most of Vernon's permanent residents were Mexicans, living in hovels along the railroad tracks. All but a few of them had entered the United States illegally, and so could not demand such minimal services as light and water. None of them voted. This left the "Anglo" population, which numbered about 250 and included some 200 voters.

Of the voters, enough could be given city jobs, or be related to city jobholders, to guarantee a pro-autonomy, pro-industry majority on the City Council, which elected one of its number mayor, and of which Leonis would very probably be a permanent member. Any unexpected influx of home builders, which might upset the voting balance, could be discouraged by raising the price of open land until it was out of individual reach. Any attempt by outsiders to move in on Vernon could be stopped by invoking the "home-rule" powers granted all "sixth-class" California cities (of which Vernon is one) by the state legislature. Vernon was ready to grow.

It is doubtful whether even Leonis envisioned the enthusiasm with which local and out-of-state manufacturers and processors were to greet his little development. Within a few years, giant plants, grinding and smoking in almost unbroken array, covered Vernon's four and a sixth square miles. Los Angeles, which hadn't been greatly concerned at first, watched them multiply with dismay. In earlier days, Los Angeles had laid one of its principal sewers through Vernon after promising to let Vernon use it, free of charge, until it wore out. This had been good business at the time. But as industry grew, Vernon dumped such an incredible amount of waste daily that the sewer was soon clogged. Los Angeles' suggestion that Vernon build a second sewer was met with stony silence. Later on, Los Angeles offered other pieces of advice on such matters as garbage disposal, health, roads, parks, education, planning, and so on. Leonis, who was then mayor as well as town landlord and president of the First National Bank, returned some advice of his own, the burden of which we can guess.

Home Life of Industry

John Leonis has never talked to biographers, so we know little about him except that he has always been stocky, grumpy, and secretive. Now he is eighty—with a million dollars for every year, according to local gossip. Over the years, Leonis stamped his personality on Vernon.

Industry needed water, so Leonis

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reared a superefficient pumping plant to take water from the underground Los Angeles River and from wells. This project was financed by a public bond issue. Industry needed electricity and gas, so Leonis built a model power plant, also publicly financed. Franchises for its operation and that of a gas works were given to two privately owned utility companies. Industry needed protection against thieves, and Leonis built up a very efficient police department.

Inevitably, perhaps, Vernon's police and fire chiefs picked up the boss's habit of nonco-operation with outsiders who were not connected in some way with Vernon businesses—an attitude that gave Vernon a bad press in the area. Police Chief Ernest Giles, a burly ex-bouncer, went to jail for roughing up a prominent out-of-towner. When Chief Giles faced the court on this occasion, the judge remarked wistfully: "The only thing I am trying to do is to rescue the City of Vernon and bring it back into the United States . . ." Whatever the judge was trying to do, Chief Giles remained dedicated to the protection of Vernon's industry at all costs. He still does this job well. Fire Chief James Donnelley, who has been convicted of vote fraud, and whose primary function is to protect Vernon's factories from excessive fire-insurance rates, is another outstanding public servant.

Cracks in the Fortress

During most of the period of Leonis's direct control, industry fared very well in Vernon so far as its local tax dollar was concerned. But a few years ago, when Leonis leased much of his land to the Santa Fe and appeared less often in his office in the First National Bank, various cracks began to appear in "Fort Vernon's" walls.

State health officials harassed many of the plants that were discharging high-acid waste into Los Angeles's storm drains, or letting it seep into the ground where it got into drinking-water wells. This made the problem of a new, and fantastically expensive, sewer for Vernon an urgent one. More and more demands upon well water and water from the Los Angeles River made it apparent that Vernon would soon have to join the Los Angeles Metropolitan Water District—another move that was bound to be costly. The county moved in and began collecting a $1.60 per $100 tax from Vernon, and the Flood Control District followed with another demand for nineteen cents per $100. Then a disaster took place. The State Board of Education forced Vernon to join the Los Angeles City School District.

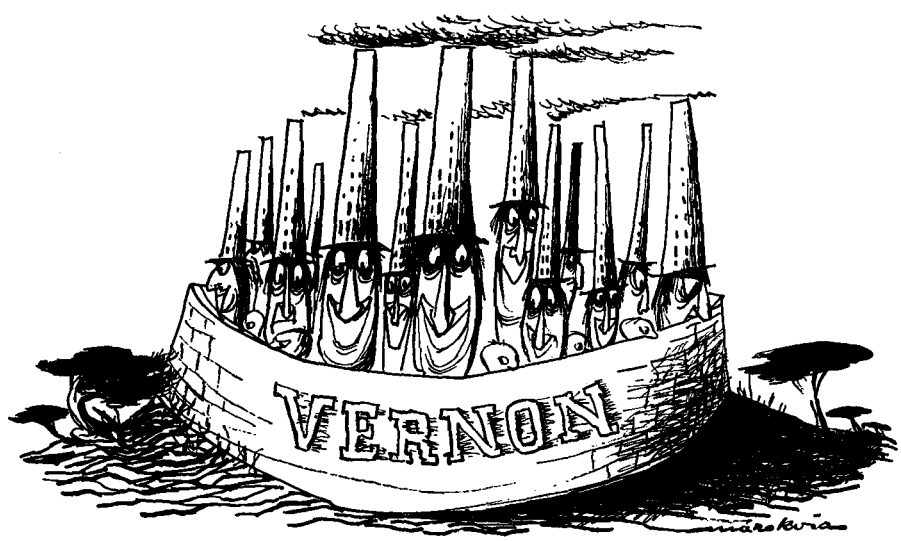
For years, Vernon had got along with the small staff and expense necessary to run a school that had a capacity of two hundred students and was usually less than half full. When the State Board's administrative order drove it into the Los Angeles School District, Vernon suddenly found itself assessed at the going outside rate, which was an awesome $2.41 per $100. Also, students from Los Angeles began to come across the frontier and go to Vernon's school. The upshot of all this has been that Vernon now pays $3.3 million a year for 206 students, of whom only fifty-one are local children. This amounts to about $65,000 a year for each Vernon student now enrolled. What this assessment has done to Vernon's consolidated tax rate and peace of mind is best not thought of.

Then, there were other harassments, such as "discriminatory" truck taxes. Vernon is the Southern California headquarters for most of the big long-distance truck lines. A California license for the tractor of one of these rigs costs about $530, and a license for trailers $150. These charges, approaching the million-dollar mark with companies that have as many as a thousand units, go into the state road-building fund, as do most of the gasoline taxes the truck lines pay. The money is returned by the state to the various counties and cities, on the basis of population. Hence, 840-soul Vernon, which supplies most of the revenue that comes from truckers who call it home, gets almost none of it back. Last year, for example, Vernon received a road-building check from the state for $1,720.

Annexation Ahead?

I could describe other such cracks in Vernon's wall—cracks that last year caused Vernon to join the California League of Municipalities and to set up a Chamber of Commerce. This chamber is unique in that it never advertises Vernon's virtues, or encourages tourism, or indeed does anything but act as a protective association. The establishment of the chamber is of the utmost local importance, however, because it demonstrates that after years of isolation the metropolitan tides are beginning to move against Vernon and that it fears it may soon be annexed outright by Los Angeles.

The reason for such defenses as the chamber becomes clear when one thinks back to Vernon's 250-odd registered voters. The power to dissolve Vernon is in their hands, since the industrialists who pay most of the town's bills cannot vote there. Only the residents, preponderantly Mexican as always, can decide what is to be done with that $500 million worth of factories. For years, they have been persuaded that autonomy is best for them. But if agents from Los Angeles should slip in and persuade them it is not, some Election Day might bring one of the biggest upheavals ever wrought by such a small number of votes.



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The Power of the Purse And the Congressman's Plight

DOUGLASS CATER

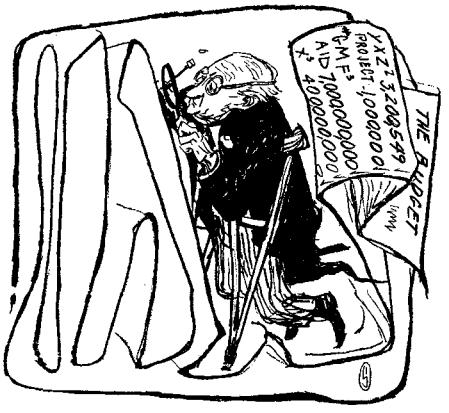
In 1951, Congress passed twenty-five appropriations bills totaling about $91 billion—the largest sum laid out by any "peacetime" Congress. To help determine the merit of the various bills, the House Appropriations Committee employed seventeen staff assistants, nineteen clerks, and sixty-two part-time investigators. Their average work load came to nearly a billion dollars for each staff assistant. The Senate Appropriations Committee had eight staff assistants, fourteen clerks, and eight part-time investigators—a work load of more than $3 billion each.

Let us consider the largest bill, the $56-billion appropriation for defense. Congressman George H. Mahon (D., Texas), chairman of the subcommittee on defense appropriations, told the House that his group had studied the measure for eleven weeks, read twenty-four volumes of statistics and arguments, and listened to 4.5 million words of testimony. The subcommittee was operating at a rate of a billion dollars a day, or $200 million a working hour. For every $12,444 it voted it heard one word of testimony.

Paying the Piper

Along with the appropriations bills, Congress tackled its other important fiscal function: the provision of revenue to pay for the expenditures it was voting. Here the Senate and House ran into a snag. After threatening to pass no bill at all, the two houses settled at the last moment by passing a bill which will bring the Federal income up to about $7.5 billion less than the government is going to spend this fiscal year.

Obviously, the Congressman is up against something that has grown far too big for him. He has to deal with stratospheric figures, to pass judgment



on everything from a new insecticide to a nuclear reactor. He can't have enough inside knowledge, nor has he the time to acquire even a smattering; over the years he has not provided himself with the staffs and techniques to handle the intricate, lavish bills placed before him.

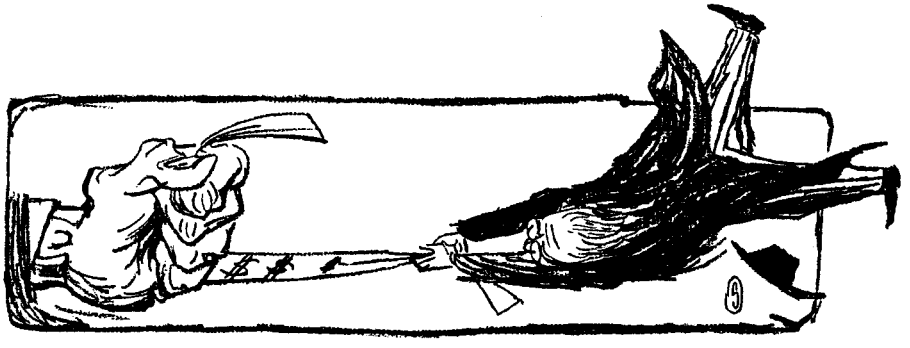
Members of the two Appropriations Committees are in the toughest spot. Their jobs are considered the most powerful Congress can award, and the men who hold them have been through years of service and battles for election. The senior committee members can remember the distant, tranquil past, when they knew most of the bureau chiefs they had to deal with, when they had no investigations of high strategy and global foreign policy to conduct, and when they could spend a good part of their time weighing the spending of what now seem paltry sums.

The first budget that Kenneth McKellar, now chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, had to work on was that of 1925, when total appropriations were less than $4 billion, and defense appropriations were about $530,000,000—less than one per cent of what they are now.

Cross-Examination

Because it is so difficult to visualize the baffling figures that are thrown at them, many Congressmen still prefer to concentrate on more tangible and trivial statistics. Once they have unsettled a government witness with the question, "Have you ever met a payroll?" they often ask: "How many cars have you got in your department?"

Last February, Budget Director Fred Lawton went before the House Ways and Means Committee to testify on the pending tax bill. The Chinese Communists had mounted a new offensive in Korea. Washington was buzzing with rumors of a multi-billion-dollar defense bill soon to be sent to the Hill. But all this faded as Chairman Robert Doughton, the octogenarian from North Carolina, quizzed Lawton about automobiles. How many were allocated to each agency? Lawton read off the numbers. Why couldn't government officials



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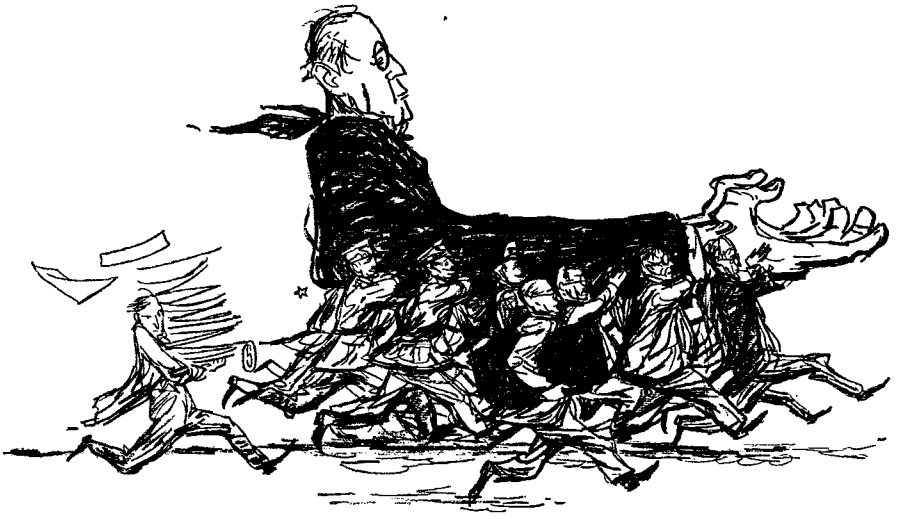

walk or take trolley cars the way Congressmen do? Lawton proved it would have cost him and his four assistants more to come to the Hill that morning by streetcar than by government vehicle.

The appearance of bureau heads from the White House, the Pentagon, or the executive departments, flanked by *their* experts, has been described thus by Congressman Errett P. Scrivner (R., Kansas), a member of the defense subcommittee:

"Every time a bureau or department chief comes before us to present his little segment of this program, he has with him anywhere from nine to seventeen assistants, ranging all the way from majors up to three-star generals. . . . There you are, seven of us on our side of the table, with two assistants, and there they are on the other. . . . It makes us feel many times absolutely futile and helpless. Even though we may think there is something rotten in X installation or plant, we do not have the time to go to X installation or plant and see what is rotten. We have nobody to send."

No Help Wanted

If Congress has nobody to send, it has only itself to blame. The Appropriations Committees were authorized by the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946 to hire as many staff assistants as they needed. In addition, the Act provided for establishment of an expenditure-analysis division under the Comptroller General, who, unlike the Budget Director, reports to Congress instead of to the President. This division, according to the Act, would "enable Congress to determine whether public funds have been economically and efficiently administered . . ."

Very little has come of all this. The committees added a few new staff assistants, but refused adamantly to allocate funds to permit the Comptroller General to set up a division for expenditure analysis. House Appropriations Committee Chairman Clarence Cannon recently explained this reluctance to use the help of experts:

"There is a sort of vogue going around that we do not spend enough money on our staff; that we ought to have permanent investigators and ought to pay them higher salaries. There are always people who do not want to use a spade unless it is gold-plated.

"What happens when you put men permanently on the staff? They get lazy. They develop friendships with the departments. If you get misfits it is hard to fire them. They develop a camaraderie with the members of the committees and get their salaries raised. Everybody downtown knows them. When they enter the door the word is passed through the building, 'Here comes that fellow from the committee.' When there is no investigation, they sit around cooling their heels and their time and their salary is wasted."

The tragic point is that Representative Cannon has something. The Congressman would prefer not to delegate his job to a Congressional bureaucracy that would either bicker or fraternize with the mammoth bureaucracy of the Executive. He still would like to do what the people elect him to do—apply the principles of arithmetic he learned at school. But how can arithmetic deal with logarithmic problems?

In the grip of his helplessness, the committee member has only a limited arsenal. He may search for the embarrassing detail—the limousine, the oyster fork, the Air Force dress glove. Or he may try what amounts to browbeating:

"Is it possible that you get fifteen thousand dollars a year and do not know any more about the business than you have exhibited here?" Senator McKellar shouted at one witness. "I am ashamed of America, if it is so . . ." Or Congressman Prince H. Preston, Jr., of Georgia, to a deputy assistant to the Secretary of State: "I get, then, from your description of the work done in this section, that you are a very vital link in this chain of red tape in the Department; you seem to fit into the picture, but you do not actually do very much, do you?"

Or the committee member may try candor: "I would like to ask the Admiral," Congressman Richard B. Wigglesworth (R., Massachusetts) pleaded during hearings on the defense budget, "if he were sitting on this side of the table, on the basis of that statement, how would he determine whether you need $1,350,000 or $500,000 or $5,000,000?" To which the admiral replied ingenuously, "Sir, I would be at a loss."

Pet Economies

The Congressman who is not a member of the Appropriations Committee has a much easier time. Usually he tries to work out a pet project for moneysaving that will interest his constituents. One Congressman figured out that the Post Office Department could cut expenses by $2 million if it rented post-office boxes by the year instead of quarterly. He had gone to a great deal of trouble writing post offices all over the country to prepare his estimates.

If he doesn't have a pet project, the Congressman can always fall back on a slogan. Congressman Robert F. Rich of Pennsylvania earned a nation-wide reputation simply by shouting from time to time: "Where are you going to get the money?" Last year he retired from Congress, loved and respected by his colleagues. Till the end he had succeeded in keeping from them the disgraceful knowledge that his daughter was married to the Assistant Director of the Bureau of the Budget.

Such popularity as Congressman

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Rich's is not shared by the few Representatives and Senators who really try to keep tab on where the money's coming from and where it's going. The experience of Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois during the past two years is grim testimony to that.

Senator Douglas still has the conviction that Congress is responsible for balancing revenue and expenditures—a responsibility that should not be shirked by across-the-board cuts on appropriations, handed to the President, or dodged by authorizing huge expenditures and then failing to boost taxes to cover them.

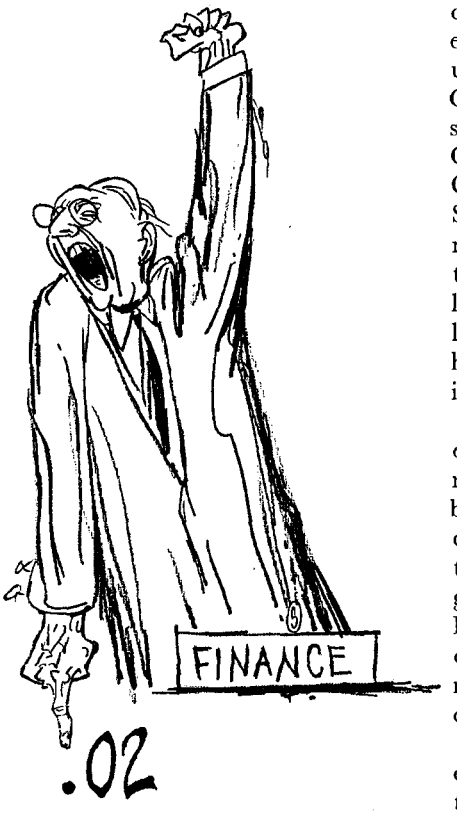
Since he is not a member of either the Appropriations or the Finance Committee, Douglas has been obliged to wage his battle on the floor of the Senate. Last session, he proposed a total of eighty specific cuts in appropriations, amounting to a reduction of approximately $1.3 billion. Of these, only thirteen, amounting to $402 million, were accepted in the Senate. The record shows that a large number of these reductions were dropped in conference between the House and Senate.

The record — approximately 215 closely printed pages of it—also shows clearly the tremendous effort Senator Douglas's one-man campaign required. He had to spend at least thirty-five hours on his feet defending his proposed economies. Every cut he suggested found at least one Senator who knew why that particular program had to be preserved intact. Reduce the number of station wagons on an Indian reservation in New Mexico? No, said Senator Dennis Chavez. Postpone deepening the canal from Jacksonville to Cocoa on the Banana River for a few years? Senator Spessard L. Holland of Florida explained at length why these four extra feet were absolutely essential to the nation's security.

These are not calm discussions. Senators do not hesitate to insinuate that Douglas is either too stupid or too wrongheaded to understand the effects of his proposals, that his program for economy is a demagogic appeal to the people over the heads of Congress.

Too Much for Douglas

Senator Douglas usually bears up well. But the strain sometimes becomes too great even for him. On September 10, Senator O'Mahoney, while supporting the Appropriations Committee's version of the defense bill, insinuated that Douglas's remarks would make welcome reading behind the Iron Curtain. Douglas moaned piercingly and ran out of the Senate Chamber.



In a mellower mood, Douglas once told his colleagues:

"A Senator who proposes reductions is always either too hot or too cold, either too young or too old, either too short or too tall. He is never exactly right.

"It is the old 'shell' game, in which the taxpayer always looks for the pea of economy and the very efficient dealers at the county fair always have the pea underneath another shell. The poor taxpayer grabs for the pea, and he finds that it has moved somewhere else."

Senator Douglas's lonely battle has been worthwhile if only to expose a few of the old-time exponents of sound economy. For example, he has caused unhappy moments for Senator Walter George of Georgia, who considers himself pre-eminent among this group. George, as chairman of the Finance Committee, shares responsibility with Senator McKellar for all the Senate's money bills. As a key member of the Joint Committee on the Legislative Budget, set up under the 1946 legislative reform, he is supposed to help co-ordinate Congressional action in balancing revenue and expenditures.

The Joint Committee hasn't bothered to meet since 1949, and, of course, revenues and expenditures have not been balanced, but Senator George doesn't seem to care. Instead, he likes to take a leading role in a ritual that goes on near the end of every session: Blame the huge volume of expenditures on the President; credit the merciful restraint in imposing taxes to the "economy-minded" in Congress.

This year, however, Senator George's own record deserves study. Of the sixteen roll-call votes taken on Douglas's economy amendments, George voted "Aye" on only three. When an attempt by Douglas to cut the pork-barrel appropriations was rejected by a 38-38 tie vote, George voted "Nay."

The Old Lament

Old habits do not change. On October 20, the last day of the session, Senator George, solemn-faced, declared:

"I merely wish to make one comment, and ultimately the country will understand it, although perhaps not now . . . . The wanton waste of public funds is corruption itself; and we cannot prevent corruption in government when reckless expenditures of public money such as we are witnessing now are taking place."

Somehow the Senator's sepulchral voice had a false ring.

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Mr. Harriman and His Hallowe'en Hobgoblins

HELEN HILL MILLER

As Washington newspapermen walked back to the National Press Building on October 31 after W. Averell Harriman had been sworn in as co-ordinator of the new U.S. foreign-aid program, they marveled at the dullness of the White House ceremony. Never in peacetime had the United States embarked on so complicated and urgent a program; never had any nation made such an enormous attempt to build up the military strength of distant allies. Further dramatic potential was added by the arrival in the capital that day of the future Queen of Great Britain, our major ally in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The reporters seemed pretty well justified in thinking that President Truman had

fluffed a good opportunity. "F.D.R. would have had us swinging from the rafters," one said.

Meanwhile, the fact that the day was also Hallowe'en served to emphasize the sizable number of hobgoblins over Harriman's head. As the President reminded the press corps that Harriman was assuming his eighth major governmental post in eleven years, the lean and natty administrator, thinking back on his days as ambassador to Russia and then Britain, and later as Special Marshall Plan Representative in Europe, must himself have felt that he had entered a phase more fraught with invisible perils than any of the others. For he now had not one job but five, and had thus potentially acquired five times as many critics and five times as many problems.

Harriman's main job, of course, is to co-ordinate the entire U.S. effort to make Europe strong enough to face any military eventuality within the shortest possible time. As co-ordinator of the $7.3-billion foreign-aid program, he must constantly keep his finger on the eastward flow of military hardware, on the progress of economic aid to allied nations, and on the Point Four technical assistance program to raise world living standards. Here the complexities begin: Military items will be allocated, procured, and delivered by the Defense Establishment; Point Four assistance will continue to be handled by the State Department; and economic aid will be the job of the new Mutual Security Agency, which takes over the functions of the Economic Cooperation Administation.

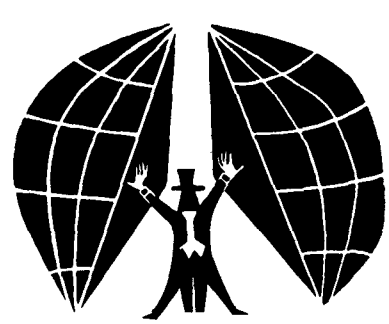
At this point, Harriman puts on his second hat, as Director of the Mutual Security Agency itself. His next two pieces of headgear are, respectively, another administrative fedora and a broad-brimmed Congressional model: He is administrator of the Battle Act, which controls U.S. aid to nations trading with the U.S.S.R. and its satellites; and he will be the Administration's emissary to Congress for the presentation of next year's foreign-aid program. The latter will probably be his most nerve-racking assignment.

Harriman's fifth hat is a diplomatic Homburg. He is U.S. representative on the so-called "Committee of the Wise Men," appointed by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization council at its Ottawa meeting in September. The day after his swearing in, Harriman flew back to Europe, stopping in London to confer with Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, and Richard Austen Butler, who has replaced Hugh Gaitskell as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but will continue to be represented by Sir Edwin Plowden as the British Wise Man.

The Bemused Wise Men

The task of the "Wise Men" is to bridge the gap between NATO's military requirements and the political and economic capacities of its European members. It is one of the most complex bits of calculation in political and economic history, but obviously the "Wise Men" must produce a specific program before next year's needs for U.S. aid can be outlined in detail.

Here two new specters arise before Harriman. First, NATO's immediate emphasis has just been drastically changed, from a larger force to be ready in 1954 to a smaller force in readiness next spring. This change was one of the main reasons for General Dwight Eisenhower's visit to Washington in November. It means that the figures presented now by the Wise Men can hardly be more than figurative. Illustrative estimates will be about all that is available for the foreign-aid item in the U.S. budget, which is to be prepared in December as a basis for the President's



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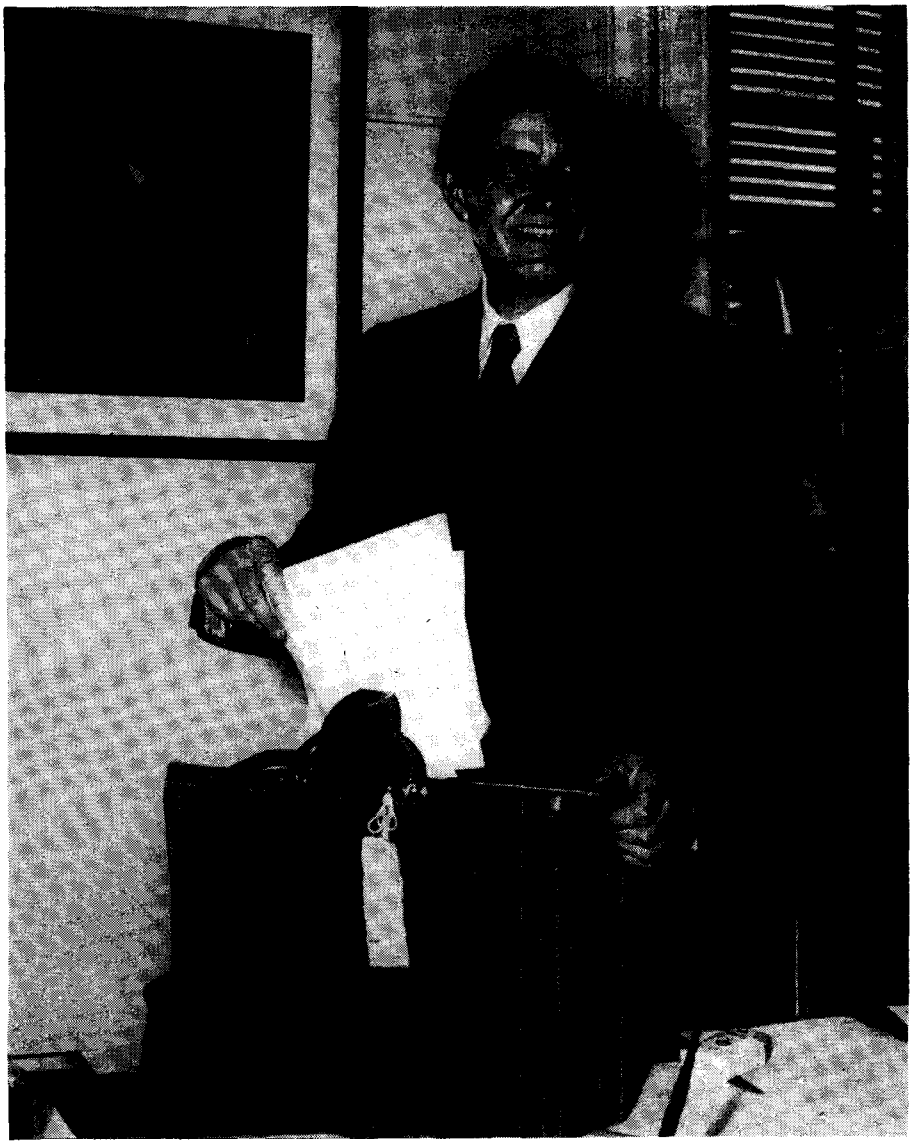

budget message to Congress early in January.

This raises specter No. 2 for Harriman: Congress. In an election year, Congressmen will be sitting on the edges of their seats, waiting to take off for their districts the moment they can get away. To receive any attention, major bills will have to be introduced practically as soon as the legislators come back to town, and overseas aid will have to be defended before the Foreign Relations and Foreign Affairs Committees by early spring if it is to pass the second hurdle of the Appropriations Committees and reach the floor before adjournment.

Meanwhile, Harriman and his aides will be under another sort of pressure, pressure to make the economic foreign policy expressed in the new bill sufficiently clear to Congress and the public to get a judgment on its merits. In an off year, foreign aid may strike a responsive note deep in the heart of Texas. But Senator Tom Connally's outburst during the closing days of the session, to the effect that the United States cannot continue to support the world, indicated that things will be different in 1952.

Actually, Connally's commentary was less on foreign aid than on the President: Texas, Speaker Rayburn's recent speech before the Southern governors to the contrary notwithstanding, is in no mood to support Truman. And the Texas delegation, with the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the head of the Senate Armed Services subcommittee that is watch-dogging the defense effort among its members, is outstanding but not untypical of the Southern delegation generally. Long tenure of office has put their members high in the seniority of key committees, and most of their members want to get out from under Truman and the Fair Deal.

Boston versus Britain

If the atmosphere among many Democrats is discouraging, it is downright ominous among those Republicans who in less politically charged moments can normally be counted on to favor foreign aid. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts is an example. He comes from a state where the Irish vote is large and very vocal on the subject of Britain. Resumption of aid to Britain is foreseeably an outstanding item in the upcoming aid bill. Almost exactly a year after the announcement —greeted with cheers on both sides of the Atlantic—that economic aid to Britain was over, rearmament has brought the British economy to a dollar-deficit crisis fully comparable to those of 1947 and 1949. But in Boston Senator Lodge would have great trouble explaining the economic niceties of the situation.

While partisan politics is downstage in 1952, the actors from both parties will be playing against the same alarming backdrop: a red-ink curtain of fiscal deficit, decorated with the rising curves of inflation. Senator Joseph O'Mahoney of Wyoming has already announced in the Joint Economic Committee that the tax burden can be no heavier. Many of his colleagues are bent on lightening it. Bill by bill, the cutting-and-paring process which took up much of the time of the past session will be repeated, with politics putting a finer edge on many knives.

When it comes to bills whose result would be to enable foreign governments to finance exports from this country, the legislators will be stimulated by more than fiscal concern. By next spring, domestic pressures on supplies

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will probably have reached the stage where a good many firms, particularly small and marginal businesses, will be shutting down for lack of materials. When letters from worthy business constituents appealing for help to stay alive are on a Senator's or Representative's desk, furtherance of exports of crucial materials is apt to have a pretty dubious appeal.

Of course, if there were a truce in Korea, pressures on supplies would lessen and U.S. matériel and troops could be sent to Europe at an accelerated rate. The hope that the present build-up may have been in time to forestall a third World War is growing, and would then grow even faster. When asked which year he considered crucial, a probably overoptimistic western European statesman recently said, "Last year."

The Ever-Normal Briefcase

Harriman clearly will have problems when he gets to Capitol Hill. He will have just as many in deciding what to take there.

With regard to the European program, which dollarwise is still by far the major part of foreign aid, his problems are tactical. Over the postwar years, and in last spring's "great" debates, the primacy of western Europe as the area whose defense is the first essential of U.S. overseas interest has been as firmly established as it is ever likely to be. Harriman's arguments must therefore deal only with the question of how much aid, and of what kind, is necessary to support U.S. interests in this area.

But Harriman's first problem will be to clear up some of the confusion that developed in the presentation of last year's program. Then, faced with apparent Congressional determination to appropriate almost exclusively for the military defense of the United States, the Administration decided to combine economic and military aid in one bill—to square a difficult circle by inscribing it on the Pentagon. The attempt didn't quite come off. Only in the last days of testimony was an adequate effort made to show how dollars expended on overseas military production capacity could multiply the over-all output of the North Atlantic Treaty nations, lessen the strain on U.S. facilities, and cut domestic inflationary pressure.

This time, there is a further reason for increasing economic aid in the form of dollar military purchases from foreign firms by the U.S. Defense Establishment. Relief of the strain on the pound and the franc induced by the armament effort, if obtained this way, will simultaneously serve the European defense program. Such relief will have to be provided in any case.

Probably only one man can get an adequate emphasis on the urgency of this type of foreign aid across to Congress in 1952. By not recalling General Eisenhower to testify last year, the Administration kept its foreign-aid powder dry—perhaps at the cost of a billion dollars. The year 1952 may well be the time when such firepower is expendable.

Looking Eastward

In the non-European parts of the world, Mr. Harriman's problems are different. From Suez to Tokyo, the foreign-aid programs to date have been more or less local improvisations, unrelated to any agreed strategy. Formulation of such a strategy cannot be put off much longer.

So far, four factors have independently influenced U.S. policy in the Middle and Far East: first, reconstruction and reconstitution of Japan as an effective power; second, treatment of China as a domestic political football, alternately booted toward opposite goalposts; third, aid to former or present dependencies of the Marshall Plan countries undertaken as part of the European program; and fourth, technical aid under the broad concept known as Point Four.

It is high time to discard the present theory that since the economies of Asian countries are not interrelated as the European industrial economies are, country-by-country programs are enough. The Point Four men must also get over their apparent belief that theirs is a people-to-people program in which political considerations have a minor part.

An important step toward correcting this situation has been taken with the appointment of Edwin A. Locke, Jr., as co-ordinator for the whole Near Eastern area under the Mutual Security Act. But the policy vacuum in the rest of Asia remains. Locke's appointment is a good omen for change, as is his past experience in making an extensive economic study of China after the Second World War. He surely will not forget his Far Eastern knowledge when he gets to the Middle East.

Over the next few months, then, Mr. Harriman's greatest need is likely to be for a Harriman committee for the entire East, formed to develop an integrated concept of U.S. interest there comparable to the concept of U.S. interest in western Europe, on which there has been general agreement since 1948.

Such a committee obviously could not finish its job in time to affect the coming year's foreign-aid presentation, and the partisanship concerning the Pacific area is so violent that such a committee would probably have to produce its findings in a nonelection year. But with a still greater deficit assured for fiscal 1953, it will then be even more difficult to defend scattered foreign-aid projects unless they can be related to general objectives generally understood.

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The Brain Foundry

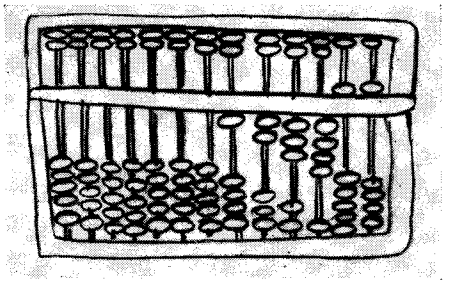
Nearly six million people, ranging from Senator Ralph Flanders to Arthur Godfrey, call a brick structure in Scranton alma mater

CHRISTOPHER GEROULD

SCRANTON, Pennsylvania, is not much of a town for sightseers, and what tourists the city has are not likely to pay much attention to a block-long building of sultry red brick which squats at the corner of Wyoming Avenue and Ash Street. This structure, which looks like nothing so much as a McKinley-era brewery, houses one of the foremost educational institutions in the world and certainly the largest—the International Correspondence Schools.

In comparison with the school at Scranton, such educational River Rouges as New York University (sixty thousand enrollment) and the University of California (fifty thousand) seem like crossroads schoolhouses. In straight volume of instruction, I.C.S. leaves all its competitors at the post. At the moment I.C.S. is carrying approximately 150,000 pupils on its books, and even in normal years when the roster is not swollen with veterans the student body numbers about one hundred thousand. In the sixty years of its existence the school has taught nearly six million men and women.

There are, of course, certain differences between I.C.S. and the big universities. The latter instruct their students face to face, whereas I.C.S. teaches through the mails. The universities also, according to their several definitions of the term, offer their students a liberal education. I.C.S. makes no such pretense. It is first and foremost a trade school, and its only obeisance to general culture is a high-school department in which a student can earn a diploma either by itself or in conjunction with his vocational studies. There are many views on the values of a liberal education, but the record of I.C.S. is unassailable; just as its ads promise, anyone with normal intelligence who really



applies himself can learn a useful and profitable trade from I.C.S. at home in his spare time.

Typical Undergraduate

As a business institution operating on a large scale, I.C.S. has a healthy respect for statistics, and from them it is possible to be quite definite about such abstractions as "a typical student" of the school. He is a man of twenty-eight who is married and has a child. He is most probably a high-school graduate and almost certainly has had at least some high-school training. He is a manual worker, usually semi-skilled, such as a gas-station attendant or a helper in a factory. He probably first became interested in I.C.S. through its advertisements in a popular technical or pulp magazine.

This advertising, on which I.C.S. spends about $500,000 annually, seemed to be addressed to him personally, as indeed it was. It talked of the advantages of specialized training in down-to-earth terms of better jobs, better salaries, and more security for his family. It pointed with pride to such outstanding I.C.S. graduates as Senator Ralph E. Flanders ("I look back on my I.C.S. days and my I.C.S. reference books as my introduction to engineering"), Eddie Rickenbacker, president of Eastern Air Lines, and entertainer Arthur Godfrey ("I.C.S. made the impossible—easy!").

Ten days or so after the student mailed in his coupon to Scranton, an I.C.S. representative called on him laden with information. The salesman took the time to go over the student's educational background, his present job, and his ambitions in order to help him pick a course that was within his powers and that would lead toward the work he ultimately wanted to do. When he had decided on a course, he was told that he could pay for it on the installment plan at a minimum of fifteen dollars down and ten dollars every four weeks. After he was enrolled the representative came around in person every four weeks to collect the installments and to give him a pep talk if he seemed to be laggard, either in his lessons or his payments.

At this point the fiction of the average student breaks down. The G.I. Bill of Rights student whose tuition is paid (at a reduced rate) by the Veterans Administration tends to get bored after he has completed ten or fifteeen lessons, and drops his course. Pupils who are paying their own way display more endurance, but even so no more than fifty per cent of all students complete the courses for which they sign up. This percentage is not altogether surprising, for the longer I.C.S. courses such as those in architecture and engineering call for a formidable investment of time and hard work as well as money. The estimated study time required to complete the standard course in electrical engineering is 2,860 hours and the cost is $675. Mechanical engineering with specialization in aeronautical design costs $775 and takes up 3,030 hours of the student's spare time.

Assembly-Line Instruction

Where liberal educators try to enlarge their pupils' minds by discussion and

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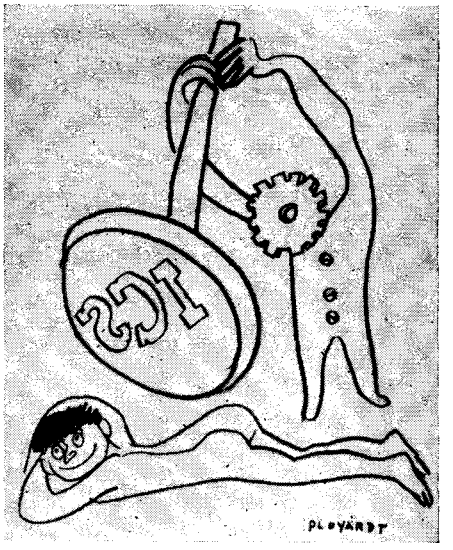
personal contact, I.C.S. takes a more mechanical approach. It breaks down the process of imparting information into the same sort of rigid division of materials, manufacturing processes, and assembly that is used by the modern production engineer.

The first step is to decide what constitutes a course—or in still more concrete terms what specific bodies of information a man must have to be qualified for a specific job. The information is then cut up into broad categories such as "Basic Mathematics" or "Basic Electrical Theory." These categories correspond to major subassemblies on an automobile production line which are put together to make the complete unit. Extraneous information is weeded out as ruthlessly as superfluous gears in a transmission.

The subassemblies are further reduced. Thus the subassembly "Business" as applied to civil engineers includes the subjects "Introductory Accounting," "Spelling," "Planning and Writing the Letter," "Mechanics of the Letter," and "Routine and Adjustment Letters." All these, presumably, represent the sum total of the business knowledge required by a civil engineer.

The basic unit of I.C.S. instruction is the lesson, a term for which the school has developed a very precise definition. The lesson is a unit of time equivalent to twenty hours of studying for the average student. It is a unit of cost as well. The over-all charges for courses are based on a price of $4.50 per lesson plus an initial matriculation fee of $35. An I.C.S. lesson consists of approximately sixty pages of text with a covering test bound as a pamphlet. Certain subjects are handled in a single lesson, while others, such as "Inorganic Chemistry," require a dozen. The courses, of which I.C.S. has over four hundred, are built up of these lessons in exactly the way a radio set is built up of standard parts. Currently the school has available almost eighteen hundred lessons, ranging alphabetically from "A.A.R. Code of Rules for the Interchange of Traffic" to "Yarns," and covering on the way an enormous range of technology.

The preparation of an I.C.S. lesson is occasionally undertaken by the staff of the school but is often subcontracted to an outside expert. When the manuscript is delivered, the school goes to work on it editorially, simplifying and



clarifying to the point where the lesson can be readily understood by a student who has no more background than that given in the earlier lessons of the course. Illustrative material is given the same treatment and is redrawn or retouched for clarity. The result is a text which combines factual authoritativeness with words-of-one-syllable simplicity, even on quite complicated subjects. Another result, unfortunately, is a text of such distressing homogeneity that it is difficult to imagine that anyone would be able to get through it.

Brave New Education

The I.C.S. method of instruction is unlike anything found in more conventional institutes of learning. It is here that production-line engineering methods have been carried to perfection.

The old-fashioned pedagogy which used teachers with a fairly high level of general education plus special training in their chosen fields has been done away with. From the production standpoint this wasteful practice would be the equivalent of hiring a group of master mechanics to build an automobile. It might produce a superior car, but it wouldn't be economical.

It is I.C.S.'s triumph that it can turn out good popular-priced training with the use of semi-skilled help. The school's instructors are taught a single routine operation—the correction of one standard examination on one lesson. This proficiency can be picked up in a few weeks, and the more ambitious instructors can go on and acquire competence in other examinations in other lessons. At present some instructors know the answers to as many as ninety different examinations.

In its twenty-seven different departments, I.C.S. now employs 193 instructors—a ratio of one instructor to about 800 students. The average college has a ratio of about one to twenty or less, and the average commercial trade school about one to fifty. Need more be said about I.C.S. efficiency? For further efficiency almost all the instructors are women. Industrial psychological studies have shown that women are superior to men in repetitive detail work requiring a high standard of accuracy.

The work of the instructors is not entirely limited to marking answers right or wrong. They also correct misspellings and gross errors of grammar, and refer students back to the appropriate paragraph of the lesson text when a problem has been palpably misunderstood. If a student makes a basic error or is confused by a particularly knotty point, the instructor either passes his paper over to the director of the school or himself writes a letter of explanation to the student. Only the more experienced instructors, however, are given the responsibility of corresponding with students. Some schools have extensive sets of mimeographed fuller-explanation sheets covering the problems with which pupils have the most trouble.

The pay scale for instructors is based primarily on the educational background and experience of the individual. The less well-qualified beginners earn about the same as skilled clerical workers, while earnings of the better instructors are comparable to those of high-school teachers in the Scranton area. There is a second set of earnings criteria, however, which permits instructors with fewer qualifications at the outset to reach eventual parity with their more educated and experienced colleagues. This is a system under which the volume and quality of work turned out each week is translated into points, on which salary increases are based. Unlike other employees in the sprawling Scranton plant, instructors are not unionized.

Each department or "school" consists of one or two ranks of desks, dressed with military precision on the desk of the director. On each instructor's desk is a tall, constantly replenished stack of uncorrected examinations and a smaller pile of corrected

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ones. Messengers take the place of a conveyor belt to bring unprocessed material to workers and to carry away the results of their work.

The directors, some of whom have assistants, see that hard questions from students are answered properly and are responsible for keeping the flow of corrected lessons running smoothly. As the schools correct some 28,000 lessons a week, the latter is no inconsiderable task. Their most important function, however, is keeping all courses offered by their departments up to date. This involves locating suitable authors for the texts, negotiating with them, and editing their manuscripts to conformity with the I.C.S. pattern of instruction. Of the fifteen directors listed in the current I.C.S. catalogue, nine have bachelors' degrees, one a master's degree, and the others have various academic and technical qualifications.

Enterprise and Uplift

Just as one might have expected, the founder of the institution was not a professional educator. Thomas J. Foster, as the editor of a newspaper in the anthracite town of Shenandoah, used to run an answer column in each issue on the technical aspects of mining. In the 1880's a series of disastrous accidents in the coal mines had forced the State of Pennsylvania to require basic safety measures in the mines and to insist that both mine inspectors and mine superintendents know at least the rudiments of mine safety. This was a body blow to inspectors and superintendents alike, since the inspectors were political appointees who could hardly tell a coal pit from any other hole in the ground and the superintendents were usually hard-knuckled ex-miners who counted on their fingers. To both, Foster's column was a godsend, and he soon realized that it was potentially more valuable than a mere circulation builder for his paper. In 1891 he decided to use the column as the basis for a correspondence course and moved to Scranton, where he set up shop as the International Correspondence Schools.

Foster had made no mistake about the salability of his home-study lessons on mining technology. They were an immediate success, as were the courses he soon added in other fields. The school's opening coincided with a period of almost explosive technical growth in industry. The laborer or mechanic who would take the time and spend the money to master the new technologies could push himself quickly into a responsible job.

Despite the school's steady success, it nearly ran on the rocks in the years before the First World War, chiefly because of the overweening ambitions of Foster and some of his associates. They embarked on a series of ventures that ranged as wide as chicken farms, copper mines, and California vineyards. The school's files were used extensively as mailing lists for promoting stock sales in these enterprises as well as in the school itself. The promoters, it must be said, lost as heavily as any of the other investors, and in 1916 the banks of Scranton quietly moved in on the company and delegated a local businessman and banker, Ralph E. Weeks, to be general manager and later president.

Their confidence in Weeks was not misplaced. In the thirty-three years that he ran the school, the business was a model of starched-collar conservatism. Its wildest fling during the period was to buy up and briefly run a muscle-building course sponsored by a wedge-shaped gentleman known as "the Champion of Champions" because, according to I.C.S., unlike his competitors he wasn't champion of anything else. This experiment was less than a success, and the school soon cashiered its physical education department.

Over the years I.C.S. has achieved a fairly complicated corporate structure, chiefly because of the large amount of printing it requires. After setting up its own presses for texts, it went into the publishing business as the

International Textbook Company and into contract printing as the Haddon Craftsmen. Today International Textbook is titularly the parent company, though it contributes only about five per cent of the companies' $9-million annual gross income. Haddon Craftsmen, which prints extensively for the book clubs as well as for publishers like Harper's, accounts for about twenty-seven per cent, while the school itself brings in the remaining two-thirds.

Currently I.C.S. is in the throes of what amounts to a second major reorganization, led by Lawrence W. Tice, an enthusiastic executive with a background in publishing, who moved up into the presidency when Weeks retired in 1949. Although they are unwilling to say so, Tice and the other young executives on his board find themselves in a business that has bogged down badly because of its adherence to turn-of-the-century methods. But clicking I.B.M. machines are replacing roll-top desks, and operating costs have been reduced sufficiently so that last year the institution showed a small profit after two years of running in the red.

So it would appear that one of the most challenging possibilities of the new management's streamlining program is the mechanization of the educational production line. By substituting multiple-choice questions for essay-type questions, it would be technically feasible to correct all examinations by machine, using punch-card methods. The day may come when it will be possible to produce an I.C.S. diplomate as untouched by human hand as the contents of a can of frozen orange juice.

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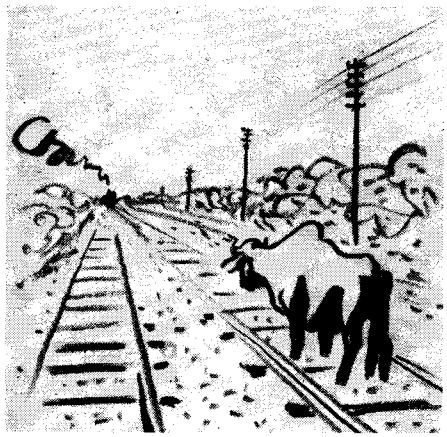
I Guess I'd Rather Be Molested



JEAN LYON

BEFORE I reached India I was warned about trains and about men. People were murdered on trains, I was told. Highway robbers leaped aboard, stuck knives in the passengers, and then leaped off again, taking all wallets and jewels with them. As for Indian men, if a woman—especially a western woman—so much as smiled at one, she promptly had a problem on her hands. These two warnings were mixed in my mind, for both had been given me at the same time in a New York hotel lobby.

I intended to forget them. I knew that a New York conversation shouldn't influence me about India. And I think I would have forgotten them if India hadn't so completely baffled me when I first arrived. People I least suspected of it would suddenly turn into yogis. Perfectly solid conversations about agricultural economics would begin balancing themselves on a farmer's horoscope. Nothing was what it seemed. I could figure out nothing and nobody.

That New York conversation must have been floating in my subconscious during the period of my worst bewilderment, for I kept buying airplane tickets at great cost.

Murder in Purdah

The day came, however, when I wanted to go somewhere to which I couldn't fly. I bought a First Class train reservation. No one even hinted that there was any other possible way for me to go. To the hotel clerk, the ticket agent, the porter who carried my bags, it was an automatic reaction. So was the fact that I was led to a purdah compartment. It said LADIES on the outside. Since it was an overnight ride, this seemed logical to me, too. Men wearing turbans of various shapes and colors, and in white Gandhi caps, kept looking curiously into the window as I settled my things, but they kept their distance. It was almost as though the sign said CONTAGIOUS.

Soon a woman in western clothes joined me. Her face looked somewhat Indian, although not wholly. Within the first minutes, she made sure that I was an American and that I wasn't a missionary, two facts which seemed to reassure her. She soon brought out her pack of cigarettes, and admitted that was why she was glad I wasn't a missionary. Why my being an American helped the situation I wasn't sure at first, but later I decided that it had to do with the dangers ahead of us. All the power of the United States was upholding us because of my passport, apparently. Her passport proved to be Indian, but she herself identified herself with the West. Anglo-Indian is the name for that complex out here.

I was in for a gruesome two hours before bedtime arrived. She had all the stories of murders on trains carefully arranged in her mind. There were two nuns in a First Class purdah compartment who had been found stabbed in the heart when the train arrived at the station in the morning. (Compartments open directly on the platform, with no aisle or hallway connecting them, so there is no protection possible from your next-door neighbors while the train is in motion.) There was the Englishwoman who was bashed in the head. Everything in my traveling companion's books had happened to women in First Class purdah compartments.

Sometimes, she said, the robbers and murderers hid in the bathrooms when the trains were standing in the station, and then leaped out at you after the train had started.

We carefully locked and bolted the doors on either side of the room. I started to close and bolt the windows too, but she said it was too hot. "There are bars on the window," she said. She was quite relaxed. The bars were about six inches apart, and I kept thinking of how easily an agile brigand could reach in, and it would have been no trick at all to throw a dagger between them.

Fate Worse Than . . .

I asked her about the "mixed" compartments. I had heard the term at the ticket window and wondered what it meant. She explained that it meant men, women, and children were all together in whatever order they bought their tickets. Since there were no Pullman curtains around each berth, or Pullman porters to act as chaperons, it struck me as odd.

"I don't know about them," my roommate was saying rather scornfully. "I've never ridden in one. Some of the Indian women ride in them for protection. I guess they'd rather be molested than killed. But I figure I'd rather be killed."

Mine was the upper berth, and I read for a while before I turned out the light. My companion was asleep by then, so I crept down from my bunk and closed and bolted the shutters on the windows. She didn't wake up.

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After much tossing, I fell asleep.

In the morning I woke up before she did. I looked down and saw that she had opened both shutters, and we were fully exposed to the thieving millions of India.

I gave up. Anyhow, it was daylight by then, and it didn't seem to matter so much.

My companion in purdah woke up shortly and said a bright good morning, and went into the bathroom. Our station came soon. When she said good-by she seemed to have forgotten completely how wonderful it was that we were both alive.

I rode First Class purdah several more times. Usually I was entirely alone. I carefully looked into bathrooms, bolted doors and windows. It was no way to see India, I kept thinking. But still, there's no sense in being foolhardy.

'Mixed' Sleeping

On one trip the train I had to take had no purdah compartment on it. So I said to the ticket agent, yes, of course, "mixed" would be all right. I was annoyed at myself for being scared about going "mixed." After all, if these protected hothouse women of India can do it, what's wrong with me—a bold American used to battling my way through life, etcetera?

This was First Class again. I was the first passenger in the compartment, but all our names were posted outside the door, like the names of holders of boxes at the opera. There were three others, all men.

I sat on the edge of one of the two lower berths, with my bedding roll still rolled up beside me. I felt like a freshman at college waiting to see what she has drawn for roommates, only worse. Three problems all at once would be awfully difficult to handle.

The first roommate to arrive was a young army officer. He nodded politely to me, and then paid no more attention to me while he unpacked his bedding roll and arranged it on the upper berth opposite me.

The next roommate to appear was a man who was already in his pajamas —not just Indian dress, but real fancy striped pajamas. After all, this was First Class. His hair was tousled, and he acted as though he was sleepwalking. His bearer rapidly opened out his bedding roll, which was complete with colored sheets and a pillow covered in a case with a lace ruffle all around it, and he just as rapidly crawled in, turned his face to the wall, and never moved again until morning.

My third roommate jumped on just as the train was starting. A porter threw the bedding roll and a suitcase in after him, and he closed the door, locked it, and turned to take a look at us. He was young and dapper, dressed in western clothes. He smiled at me, and asked what nationality I was. He and the army officer very politely urged me to sit in the one chair in the compartment, and they sat on my berth. For an hour or so we talked. They asked about Korea.

"Do you think America will use our country as a base, if there is a war?" one said.

"What does it matter?" the other answered. "We'll give them passage to China. We'll give China passage out. Let anyone go through that wants to. We'll just get out of the way."

They were both very young. They were both very polite. Neither of them made a move toward getting ready for bed.

I wasn't sure what the etiquette of a "mixed" compartment was, my only example so far being the man on the lace-trimmed pillow But it looked as though things were up to me. So I went into the bathroom. I was wearing slacks, and had no intention of disrobing any more than to take off my jacket. I did that, and emerged with my face washed. Then I crawled in between my sheets and blankets and, emulating the man across the way, turned my face to the wall.

I could hear the other two going in and out of the bathroom, unpacking and generally rattling about. Finally I felt the berth above me shake, and the lights went out and all was quiet. No one had locked any windows, although the doors had been more or less automatically locked when the last passengers had arrived. There had been no mention of lurking dangers.

I had no trouble getting to sleep that night. It wasn't much different from a Pullman after the lights were out.

In the morning I was up and washed before the others had stirred. The two young men in the upper berths both climbed down in neatly tied bathrobes which showed a few inches of pajama leg below the hems. The dapper young man looked pretty frowsy and didn't speak to anyone until he came out of the bathroom.

The man with the lace-trimmed pillow hadn't moved. While I was rolling up my bedding, with my back to him, he ducked into the bathroom. That was just five minutes before the train arrived in the station, and when we got there he was the first off. I never even saw his face.

The other two were formally polite, and we had only desultory conversation until we reached the station. Then we nodded a punctilious good-by to each other, and each of us nabbed a porter and was off on his separate way.

India still baffled me, but I decided that morning that it no longer scared me.

The Lower Depths

Some weeks later I was returning to Delhi from Lucknow, and my money was getting mighty low. I made inquiries about Second Class on the train, and discovered that it was just about half the price of First Class, and that you could also reserve your berth.

So I bought a Second Class "mixed" ticket.

This time my baggage was heaved into a very crowded compartment. The porter jerked and yanked and stacked other people's luggage in order to find room for mine. There were two bathrooms and six berths, but one bathroom was completely cut off by luggage. There were pictures in frames

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leaning against one wall, and a small tea table set on top of tin trunks in the middle space.

Several male passengers and all kinds of small bundles were spread out over the three lower berths, and the passengers were talking animatedly in a mixture of Hindi and English. When I climbed aboard I heard "oh's," and they bustled around clearing off a lower berth for me. They went right on talking to each other.

They were arguing about the future of science in India. One was saying that India didn't have a really good scientist in the country, then went off into a spiral of excited Hindi.

"Ah, but that will come, that will come," another kept repeating.

Later on they paused long enough to ask me a couple of questions. Was I American? Yes. Was I going to Delhi? Yes.

We were a full six before the night was upon us. The door had been locked only after several stops and it began to bang when we went around a curve. Our sixth passenger was a genial fat man in a dhoti (the six yards of white cloth which the Indian man wraps around his lower limbs in lieu of pants) and loose shirt, who chewed on a great wad of betel nut.

The man who had been saying "That will come" offered me the use of the tea table, which he said he was taking to Delhi for a friend, and found space for it on the floor somewhere near where I was sitting. I had ordered supper through the window from a turbaned waiter on the platform when we stopped around eight o'clock. All five of my fellow passengers assisted me. Everyone urged me to eat the Indian supper. It was much better, they said, than the European cooking at the railroad stations. "You can have the non-vegetarian if you want," they added with friendly tolerance. (Orthodox Hindus never eat any form of animal.) I ordered "non-vegetarian Indian" as they advised, and ate the rice with all the various side dishes in small brass bowls arrayed around a tray.

The others didn't order supper. One said he had had his. The fat man got out a covered container with some vegetable curry in it, and unwrapped a package of cold *chapattis* (flat wheat pancakes) and passed them and the curry around. All but one joined him in his dinner.

Conversation continued all around me. I was never completely left out of it, but I was never completely taken into it. No one asked me any personal questions. No one lectured me about American policy in the Far East. Everyone just talked, and when something funny was said they'd laugh and look at me, expecting me to laugh too. But so much of the conversation was in Hindi that I finally gave up listening and read the Bombay *Illustrated Weekly,* which carried a fascinating story about fire walkers.

No Wooden Indians

Bedtime came upon us gradually. One by one the men went into the bathroom clothed and came out in pajamas or loose-fitting Indian suits of one kind or another. No bathrobes here. The bathroom was being pretty heavily overworked, and once I glanced up from my magazine and saw the tea-table man wrapping a dhoti on over his western-styled pants. Then very deftly he slipped his pants off under the dhoti—as neatly as ever I've seen a girl undress under her nightgown.

I left my slacks on as usual, and crawled into my stack of bedding in the middle of all the undressing.

There was considerable commotion and wisecracking over the climbing into upper bunks, the tucking in of quilts and blankets, the scrambling over luggage and putting out of lights.

Several of my roommates snored that night. It was somehow rather cozy.

The train was due in at Delhi before daylight. All of a sudden the light went on and I woke up startled. I asked what time it was, and three voices answered me. The men were already putting on shoes and buttoning up shirts. They told me the bathroom was in use, and I snoozed. Then they told me it was free, and I got up.

Somehow, falling on top of each other's feet and bedding rolls and suitcases, we all got ready to face Delhi before dawn.

By this time they were talking about Delhi politics. Acharya, one of them said, was a good man, but he was past his prime. (One of the men who has recently caused a political stir is named Acharya Kripilani. I supposed that was whom they meant.) Panditji (that was Nehru) was of course the best man in all India, but sometimes it seemed he was *too* good. Again I was both in it and out of it.

When the train stopped one of the men called a porter for me. He asked me in English where and how I wanted to go and translated into Hindi for the porter. The man with the tea table came up and said a cordial good-by. "Maybe we'll meet some time in Delhi," he said. We had not exchanged cards, names, or even professions. But I said maybe we would meet again. The others were leaning over their luggage sorting it out when my porter started off with mine. They looked up and put their hands together in front of their faces in their gesture of greeting and farewell.

When I sat back in the taxi I felt good. I realized that I was feeling warm about India for the first time.

Of course, the country still baffles me—but just wait until I've traveled Third Class "mixed."

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The Private World of Robert Taft

Long distinguished for his opposition to 'Me, too' Republicans, the Senator has his own foreign-policy formula—'Yes, But'

McGEORGE BUNDY

A FOREIGN POLICY FOR AMERICANS, by Senator Robert A. Taft. *Doubleday. $2.00.*

IT IS A great pity that Senator Taft's book has only an imperfect relation to its title. (Publishers and authors being what they are, this is very possibly no fault of the Senator's.) A book that told us clearly what Senator Taft's positive foreign policy consists of would be of the greatest value in these months of his third and strongest candidacy. But unfortunately, as Senator Taft's own foreword makes plain, this is more a book about what he is against than what he is for, and so it lacks novelty.

It has been plain for many years what Senator Taft is against. Conceiving his office quite strictly as that of an Opposition leader, he has opposed. There have been many agreements between the Senator and his enemies in the field of foreign affairs, but his real satisfactions have come in attacking the Administration. It is only the blindest of his enemies who think this wicked. One may disagree with Senator Taft (I for one have disagreed with him almost constantly on foreign policy), but one cannot challenge the assertion that an alert and even suspicious Opposition is a necessary part of the American democracy.

The Nearer the Vaguer

But a President cannot live by opposition; a Presidential candidate must be judged on what he would become and not what he has been. This is what is important in Senator Taft's view of present policy, and for this reason we must regret that so much of this little book is devoted to familiar denunciation of the ineffectiveness and folly of much that the Administration has done. It is not enlightening, at this stage, for Mr. Taft to give us a version, somewhat shortened and simplified, of the standard view that the Russians are where they are because Presidents Roosevelt and Truman put them there; nor do we get much help from his discussion of Administration iniquities in dealing with Chiang Kai-shek.

Senator Taft—and even candidate Taft—can properly take this line if they wish. President Taft would find himself faced with the facts as they now are, and what is interesting is what he would do about *them*. The nearer the Senator gets to this critical point, the vaguer he becomes, and the student must make an effort to project into different times and circumstances the attitudes and general biases which are revealed in his attack.

This is obviously a tricky and uncertain undertaking, but it is probably what we will have to do as we decide whether or not to support candidate Taft. And his book does make the task easier by three notable characteristics.

First, it is a faithful reflection of Senator Taft's past views—there has been no effort to gloss over any major part of his record; his self-defense sometimes lacks depth or conviction, but what political leader's doesn't? Second, it shows, more plainly than the headlines or Senate debates, what parts of present policy command Senator Taft's unenthusiastic approval. Third, while thin in specific recommendations, it abounds in generalizations, and the pattern of these is revealing.

Senator Taft opposed aid to Britain in 1940, but he does not now oppose a much more active policy, for two reasons. He thinks that air power has shrunk the world, and he considers the Russians more dangerous than the Germans, particularly in their skill with ideology and fifth columns. This double difference, in his view, makes the Russians a threat to American liberty, and the threat must be dealt with. But—and it is astonishing how much of Mr. Taft's thinking is in "Yes, But" terms—there is a grave danger that we will destroy our own liberties if we try to do too much. This has been a prominent theme in his view of all government action for many years.

It would be interesting to know what he would have said in 1938 or even in 1948 about his present view that the American economy can safely support a Federal budget up to $75 billion, but this is not really the point; Senator Taft is not alone in his failure to foresee the magnitude of our current effort. The point is that throughout his Senatorial career, Taft has been among those whose main fear was that we would try to do too much at too great a cost. With the exception of the seventy-group Air Force in 1948 and 1949, he has never to my knowledge or by this record supported any expenditure for foreign policy not supported ahead of him by the Administration, and he has opposed or tried to cut nearly all of them. Is this merely a function of his theory of Opposition, or is it something deeper? I think it is deeper.

The primary object of foreign policy, as Senator Taft states it, is to "protect

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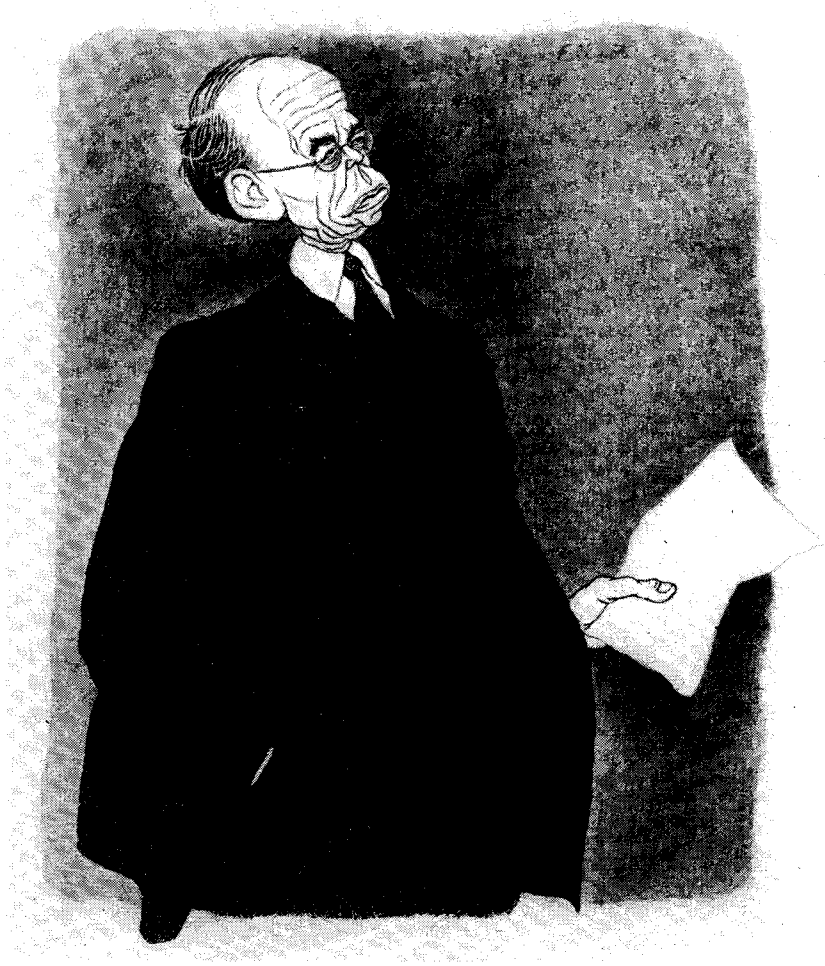
the liberty of the people of the United States." The ideal instruments for this purpose are two: a strong defense and the gradual development of a system of justice and law among sovereign nations. Neither of these instruments can be fully perfected, but they can be the foundation of a policy in which the United States maintains its liberties and sets a moral example to the world.

Now these two instruments of policy, in their separate ways, both attempt to remove the problem of power from international politics. They do not aim to *deal* with power, or even to use power (for Senator Taft is strongly opposed to the notion of preventive war); they aim rather to create a situation in which power is irrelevant and in which the American people can securely proceed to the better realization of the American dream. This is, I think, the basic pattern of thought from which Senator Taft advances to the tough problems of the present world.

This advance leads rapidly to intellectual discomfort. For the fact is, in our present world, that it is not possible to build an impregnable defense or to rely on the unsupported growth of law and justice. The major fact about our world is that it is in the throes of a great struggle for power between the Kremlin and the field. Senator Taft is quite aware of this struggle—and his shrewdest blows at the Administration are aimed at its tardy recognition of the Kremlin's nature and intentions. He is aware of the struggle, but he does not like it, and his mind constantly turns toward notions which may make it less pressing and demanding and expensive.

Among the hints which show this tendency are the following: that we could get the same amount of defense for much less money; that the Russians may be weaker than we think; that if the worst comes to worst, "air and sea power can provide a complete protection"; that the central struggle is for the minds of men, and not for control of resources and peoples; that much of our weakness may still be due to Communists in high places; that a small group of infiltrators might bring about the destruction of some satellite governments; that we should not take the lead in organizing the defense of Europe, since if Europeans won't do it themselves, we can't help anyway. (This argument is reversed in the case of Chiang Kai-Shek, but this is probably just the extension of an old debate.) A deeper evidence of Mr. Taft's uneasiness in the presence of a power struggle is his scarcely concealed mistrust of almost all military men (except General MacArthur, who is surely a comrade of convenience). Now Mr. Taft may well be all right about some of these points, but I do not think it is coincidence that makes them all serve in one way or another to make the problem of power seem less important.



Diplomacy Vanishes

Power is not the only thing that can be made to vanish by insistence on justice, law, and impregnable defense. You can also get rid of diplomacy, and in particular you can get rid of the fact that you may need friends whose opinions are not the same as yours. Mr. Taft thinks highly of alliance with Great Britain, but he would dedicate America to a moral crusade against socialism as well as Communism. He voted for the U.N. in the full and bravely explicit recognition that it was a most imperfect instrument, but now that it is incompletely successful in Korea he calls it wholly ineffective—because he cannot see its extraordinary diplomatic importance; neither can he see how much it is, nowadays, to get half a loaf. He points to the weakness and division of Europe, and he accepts cheerfully the need for a Monroe Doctrine to protect that area. But he does not see the enormous difference, to *Europeans,* between a promise to liberate and a promise to help defend.

Finally, Mr. Taft's assumptions let him miss what seems to me the central requirement of American policy. Because this is in his view a special and unusual crisis, because it involves only a fortuitous community of interest among those opposed to Russian imperialism, there is no need for American political leadership in a partnership with other free nations. Moral leadership will be enough, and partnership is unnecessary, except reluctantly and occasionally for temporary purposes. Moreover, we need not fear appearing self-righteous or irresponsible. Is it self-righteous to be right? Is it ir-

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responsible to expect people to paddle their own canoes?

Taken together, these considerations, it seems to me, are deeper than and separate from Mr. Taft's concept of the duty to oppose, and I think them at the root of his policy of Yes, But. He was for the U.N., but it wasn't really much good. He was for the Marshall Plan, but not till quite late and not for the full sum; he was against the Atlantic pact (but he's for it now); he was for going into Korea, but it's a mess, but he's against getting out; he is for rearmament, but he mistrusts the military; he wants a foreign-policy plan, but he is against the present planners, and he gives no plan of his own; he is for peace and law, but.

The forces which bear on a President teach stern lessons, and it is fair to suppose that President Taft would not be Senator Taft in many ways. Mr. Taft's concern for Congressional power is surely in part a function of his office; he might suspect soldiers and diplomats less if they were reporting to him. His considerable ignorance of foreign policy and its personnel in all countries would decrease in the White House, and anyway it is not really vital to know that the No. 2 man in the State Department is Under Secretary and not Assistant. Moreover, it *is* important to think about the liberties of the United States, and to emphasize law and justice, and Mr. Taft is quite right when he attacks those who think that money and good will alone can solve the problems of all the world.

But all these considerations, for this reader, cannot outweigh the fear that there is, in Mr. Taft, a wide and dangerous misunderstanding of the nature of world politics, that his view of events which do not match his thinking is always somewhat twisted by the arbitrary and limited framework of his thinking. This is, to me, the lesson of his book, and I think it plain that it will be a sad and dangerous day if the Senator ever becomes President. Ours is a time of politics and purpose, in which our freedom of action has become limited; strong American leadership within those limits is imperative. Mr. Taft breathes fire and brimstone at the Administration, but as he faces the outside world he becomes a Reluctant Dragon. He is in the tradition of Americans who wish the rest of the world did not exist. It does.

Two Pilgrimages To Brownsville

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

A WALKER IN THE CITY, by Alfred Kazin. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.00.*

USING the simplest words, recalling the sounds, the smells, and the color of the streets in which he grew up —a Jewish boy, the child of immigrants —remembering the games he played, the walks he took, centering these memories upon the immense desire he had to belong to America, Alfred Kazin has written a short and beautiful book. *A Walker in the City* is a personal account of growth and development; incidentally it explains the achievement of Kazin's *On Native Grounds* (1942) —a triumph of understanding made possible, it now appears, by Kazin's early absorbing concern with America's past.

There was the usual danger of complacency to be avoided after reading *A Walker in the City*. "How extraordinary," one might have said, "that this child of immigrants living his youth in a Brooklyn ghetto should so greatly have loved New York that he sought to rejoin its past, invented a nostalgia for brownstone fronts, gaslights, the Brooklyn Bridge, and Theodore Roosevelt as Police Commissioner, and thus drew nourishment from a past in which he had no share."

The frontispiece to Kazin's book is Alfred Stieglitz's famous photograph "The Steerage." It is not a large picture: It shows a few immigrants arriving in one ship at one moment in time; it does not show the endless procession of ships that brought, and brings, western civilization to this continent. We all share a common past of bewilderment upon arrival, whether our people came before there was an Ellis Island or after. We all share a common ancestral memory of first and difficult settlement; the American past informs us all. How could that phrase "in which he had no share" have come into an American's mind?

I did a silly thing when I finished reading Kazin's book. I went out to look at Kazin's Brooklyn ghetto, Brownsville. But Brownsville is in Kazin's book and in his heart. That is what a book is for: to tell you what you do not know, and what it is quite impossible for you ever to find out unless you have been the man who wrote it. When a man has written a very good book and you have read it, you become the man himself, and know what he knows; and no matter where he has lived, you have lived there too. So it was not very useful, after reading Kazin's book, after having been in the Kazin apartment with Kazin's mother working at her dressmaking beneath the bulb hanging from the ceiling, after having been in the public school with Kazin painfully stammering out the words he could pronounce so clearly when he was alone walking in the city—after having been most intimately inside Brownsville it could not be very productive to go looking at it from the outside. In a way it was an intrusion. A man creates a book out of the materials of his pain and love; he selects, combines, judges precisely the degree of admission and reserve; nothing much is to be gained in an attempt to check facts.

Over the River

I got a map of Brooklyn and I drove out over the Williamsburg Bridge and then for a long time along Broadway under the El watching for Rockaway Avenue, where I would turn right for Brownsville. Everything was gloomy enough along the way. Each house in each district, as it always is in the city, contained an impenetrable loneliness. What is needed, I said, is a Kazin, an artist, to every block in all the city, or

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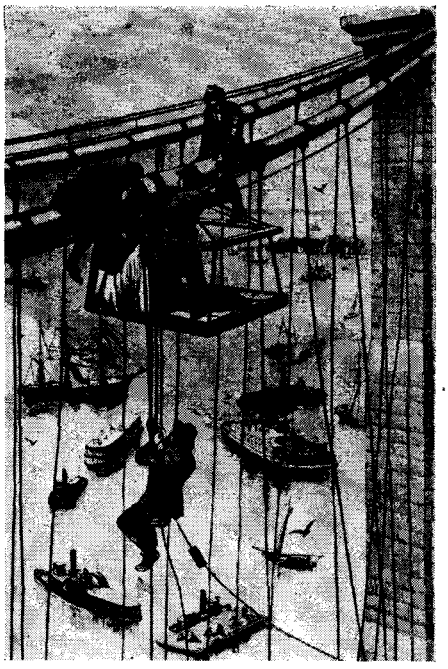
at least to every district that is segregated—and they all are segregated from each other, the rich districts each one from the other, and the poor, each one by race or occupation, they all are unknown to each other. There are no walls; a man is free to walk through the city, but there are only a few houses he can enter, and even in these it is only friendship, taking the place of art, that can explain to him anything worth knowing. But art explains all that is materially concealed.

The Non-Discovery

In a car it is the lights that govern everything; you stop and go as if there were some inescapable urgency to advance, and anyway, even when I saw the new housing development between Rockaway and Stone and, because Kazin speaks of it in his book, knew that I must be in Brownsville, there seemed no place to park. I passed the schoolhouse. I did not discover the market street, the "merriest" street in Brownsville, or see the barrels filled with pickles, or hear the street vendors crying their wares. I did not hear Kazin's father discussing trade-union politics, or listen with the young Kazin of the past at the street corners while orators told of the hopes of socialism and then Communists came and were hard and precise, doctrinaire and impatient, announcing the new and terrible times ahead. I did not enter the houses and hear the Jewish mothers, in touching and atavistic memory of hunger, telling their children to eat: "Eat! Eat! May you be destroyed if you don't eat . . . Imp of-darkness, may you sink ten fathoms into the earth if you don't eat!" I did not enter the drugstore where the couple that had "lived in France" had finally sunk in Brownsville, the husband reading his books all day and refusing to wait on the customers, and his wife—whom Kazin worshiped—acting as if she were absent, in France or in Russia, until one day she took leave of Brownsville and her memories and killed herself.

Kazin has left Brownsville, but even if it had been years back, when he was living there, how would I have found him? How would anyone from "beyond," as he called it, have known that this boy's mind was nourished with all the great books, opening to poetry, absorbed in *A Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt*?



I continued down Rockaway, and now there were Negroes in the doorways. So that everything turned out as it had to: Brownsville remained crowded, alive, secret, and unexposed to curiosity in its streets through which I had not passed.

Soon the landscape broadened. I had reached the Canarsie flats; the ocean was not distant. I stopped the car. I had taken—the perfect tourist—Kazin's book along. "We were at the end of the line," Kazin wrote. "We were the children of the immigrants who had camped at the city's back door, in New York's rawest, remotest, cheapest ghetto, enclosed on one side by the Canarsie flats and on the other by the hallowed middle-class districts that showed the way to New York." I had come through the hallowed, the depressing middle-class districts. Beyond a lumber yard and a row of cottages, the sea was still invisible, but the sky reached down to the horizon and I felt —perhaps because I knew—the ocean's nearness.

There, not so far away, the immigrant ships had passed throughout the years on their way up to Quarantine; perhaps one was passing at this moment late in the winter afternoon. For immigrants were coming to our shores still, and whether or not the city's past attracted them, they could not remain for long separated and outside the city's memories. There would have to be a translation of Kazin's book made for them, I thought, in all their languages.

I read again the passage about the old New York that had seemed to Kazin so terribly "beyond" and so desirable.

No Roots in the Streets

Kazin was expressing, of course, a profound urge: One cannot live without thrusting roots deep into the soil of some past. When a farmer from Europe—in Europe they call him a peasant—settles in the American countryside, there is no difficulty. Everywhere the soil responds to man in much the same manner. But when an immigrant reaches New York he finds no soil but only granite and iron, brick and stone, and the hard-surfaced streets to walk in. The only soil into which he can thrust roots is history.

When the immigrant first arrives—unless young, or privileged, or an intellectual—there is the language difficulty and too many others, so that it may only be through his children that he gains roots in the city. It is for the "American" child that the immigrant has always worked. It was for Alfred Kazin that his mother "had worked in the infamous Triangle Shirtwaist Factory on the East Side" and continued to work at her sewing machine in Brownsville. "When I went to bed at night, often she was still there, pounding away at the treadle. . . . She read almost no English; she could read the Yiddish paper, but never felt she had time to."

The light was fading as I turned a last page. "The past, the past was great: anything American, old, glazed, touched with dusk at the end of the nineteenth century, still smoldering with the fires lit by the industrial revolution, immediately set my mind dancing. The present was mean, the eighteenth century too Anglo-Saxon, too far away. Between them, in the light from the steerage ships waiting to discharge my parents onto the final shore, was the world of dusk, of rust, of iron, of gaslight, where, I thought, I would find my way to that fork in the road where all American lives cross."

Alfred Kazin has found his way and has left a memorable account of his travels from Brownsville to New York and America. Out there, beyond Brooklyn, beyond Brownsville in the darkened flatlands close to Canarsie and the ocean, I knew how great the distance had been.

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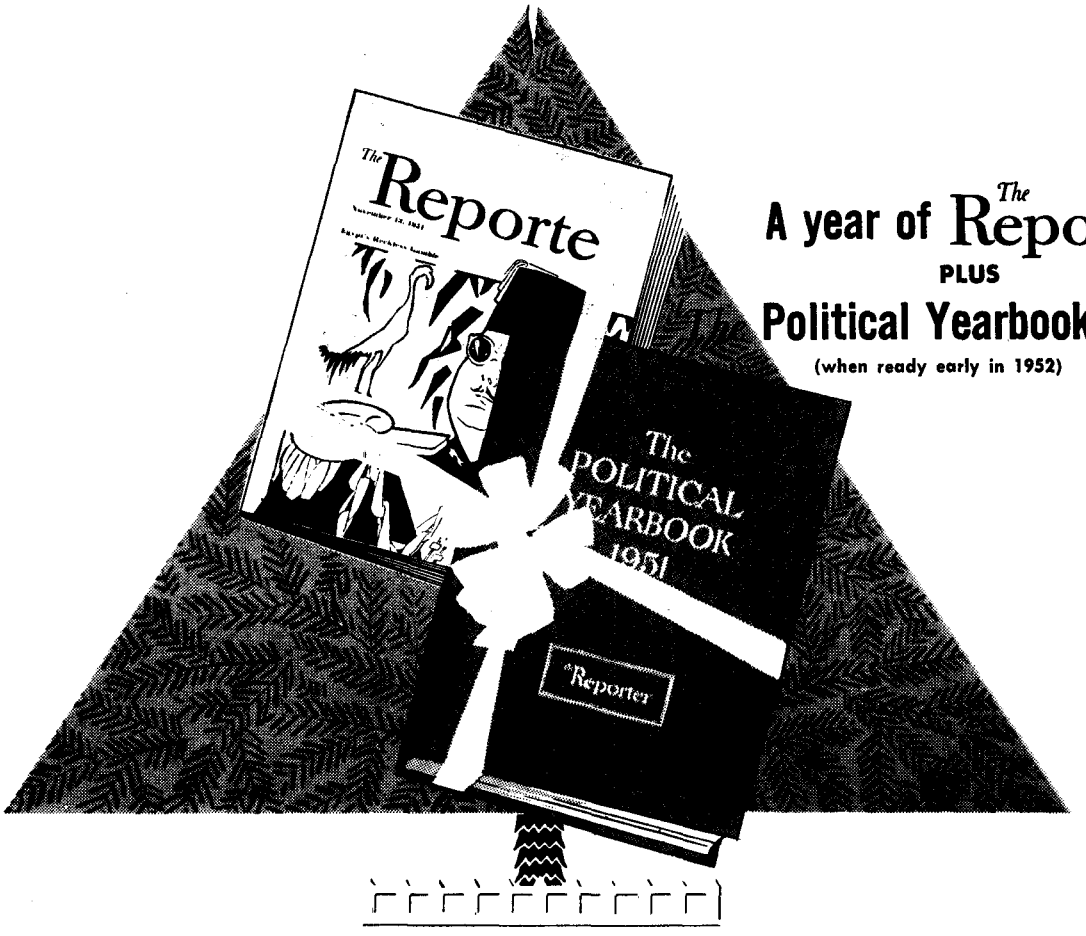

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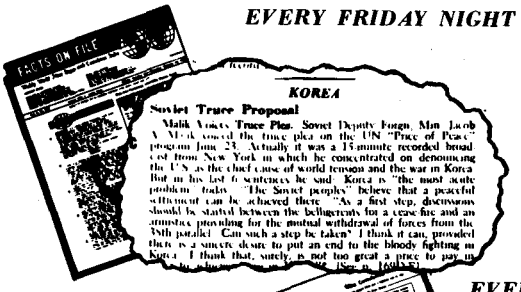

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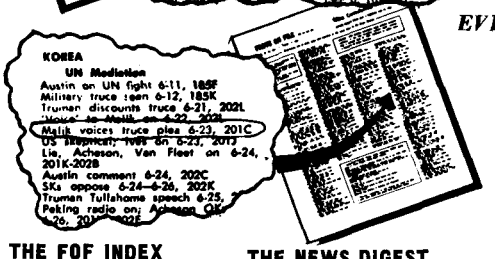

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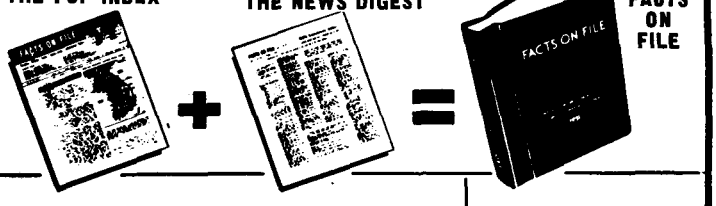

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